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Selections.

DR. CHEEVER AT LIVERPOOL.

From The Liverpool Mercury, April 5th.

A LECTURE was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, on Wednesday evening, at Hope Hall. The Rev. Professor Griffiths was called to the chair, and amongst other gentlemen who surrounded him on the platform were the Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. S. A. Steinthal, Mr. J. B. Cooke, Mr. Crosfield, etc., etc. The Chairman, in a few remarks, introduced the lecturer to the meeting.

Dr. Cheever, in his introductory observations, described the nature of the crime against society and against God committed by the slave Confederacy. He exhibited its complicated exasperations, as against light, knowledge, moral obligations, the former acknowledgment of its wrongfulness on the part of slaveholders themselves, and their intention to put it away; the cruelty, injustice, ferocity of its laws; the disastrous, corrupting power of such jurisprudence; the crime of moral assassination concentrated in such a principle as the one announced from the supreme slaveholding tribunal, under the name of justice, that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect; the dreadfulness of this crime in being accepted by the Church, and the sanction of religion put upon it; the defiance of Almighty God, and the challenge of the divine vengeance involved in justifying and maintaining such wickedness in the name of the world's Redeemer, and vaunting the privilege of buying, selling, and breeding human beings—men, women, and children—for profitable stock in the market and on the plantation, as a right ordained of God, and a commission given from heaven to this new slaveholding Confederacy in vindication of the divine attributes, and to carry out more perfectly the moral government of God. He described both the essence and application of these monstrous doctrines as being a system more perfectly fulfilling the apostolic designation of "doctrines of devils," than anything the Christian world has ever seen or the modern world had to endure. He showed that the development of the appalling wickedness and blasting, destructive tendency of slavery was so perfect and complete in the system of American slavery, that there was the greatest reason to believe that the time of retribution for its crimes had now come, and God had left these seceding and slave-confederating States to the madness of secession, for their own ruin. He demonstrated the causes of that ruin as already in operation, and showed their inevitable results; and on a comparison between the South and the North, and a tracing of the relative positions of what are called the border States as between South and North, it was made manifest that the superiority and victory in this race between slavery and freedom must be so overwhelmingly with the North that it would be madness, to say nothing of the moral considerations, in any people like the British people to favor the slaveholding party, destined as they are, not only to a desolation among themselves, but to be a curse to any nation that shall strike hands with them. He described their moral characteristics, under the barbarism of slavery, as given and demonstrated from Jefferson's indisputable delineations of terrible truth, down to Senator Sumner's masterly and comprehensive sketches, accompanied by illustrative events. He showed the poverty, dishonesty, repudiation, treason, and anarchy of the Southern Confederacy, and how fearful the evil would be if such anarchical and impious principles were sanctioned and prevalent in the governments of Europe. He demonstrated the prospect of dissolution, rebellion, rivalship, and separate governments in that Confederacy itself. But, on the other hand, if it hung together and were sanctioned and strengthened by treaty with Great Britain, then such strength would be improved and applied in piratical, filibustering excursions for the extension and strengthening of slavery, new Mexican and South American wars and conquests, a foray upon Cuba, a conquering expedition even for Hayti and Jamaica. They are inspired by a sweeping, fanatical madness in behalf of slavery; and though at present the viper may seem half frozen, yet, if Great Britain should take it to her commercial bosom and give it vitality, its sting would be felt even beyond the ocean. Dr. Cheever described the moral obligation resting on Great Britain to seize the present occasion as a most solemn opportunity given of God for a great moral rebuke of this wickedness. Great Britain had the power, if she would use it, of abolishing slavery in America by two measures—first, the raising of her own supply of cotton by free labor—a thing demonstrated to be perfectly feasible; and second, by refusing any treaty with a slaveholding Confederacy that at this day in the world's history, and under the light of Christianity, was presenting itself for recognition as a nation solely for the purpose of more securely pursuing and perpetuating the traffic in human beings. Dr. Cheever vindicated by precedents as well as principles the right of refusing such a treaty, and showed the wisdom of such a refusal, and on the other hand the moral degradation involved in entering into a covenant of amity with a nation avowing that its only desire and design of national independence was to prosecute, without hindrance and without rebuke, its grand chosen business of chattelizing and making merchandise of men. He referred to the noble act of Great Britain in emancipating her own 800,000 slaves, and described the affecting appeal of four millions in America, as well as the multitudes on the continent of Africa, imploring that great nation to be faithful now to the grand principles of abhorrence of slavery involved in that benevolent act. He showed that the war against this slave-breeding and slaveholding Confederacy was a conflict that ought to be assumed especially by all the mothers and daughters of Christendom on behalf of their own outraged sex. The sympathies, principles, influence, and prayers of the women of Great Britain ought to prevent this nation from entering into a covenant of friendship with a Confederacy of the absolute enemies of mankind—a Confederacy that grounded their own life and prosperity on the destruction of the marriage tie and the impossibility of the family relation, the violation of the purity of wives, mothers, and daughters, and the establishment, for the sake of breeding slaves for the market, of a mere concubinal relation instead of marriage, to be broken up and changed whenever the will or profit of the owner of the human stock required it. Dr. Cheever clearly showed that any treaty with a nation professedly basing its nationality and its intention of being a nation on the existence and perpetuity of these enormities—these crimes against God and man—as its chosen policy and its organic law, must inevitably be construed as sanctioning such crimes, and might justly be pleaded as such a sanction, and would be inevitably an involvement in the guilt. He said that to enter into such a treaty for the sake of the pitiful profit of a ten or twenty per cent. more favorable tariff with a Confederacy of some five millions of people, half of whom were slaves, and only a few thousand of the other half slaveowners, would be an act of baseness worse than the covenant of Ahab with Benhadad for the sake of a free street in Damascus, quite as immoral in principle, and with even smaller temptation. It would, in fact, be a compact with a few slaveowners to guarantee the security and perpetuity of their claim of property in man by giving to them, for the support of that piratical claim, the basis and dignity of a nation. It was clearly demonstrated that it is perfectly safe for Great Britain to withhold any sanction of the slave Confederacy, and the people of this country may take any method of rebuke of this wickedness that they may choose, without suffering in the least in their own commercial interests. They will get just as much cotton by refusing to treat as by any treaty, for the South must sell their cotton or their slaves; they must sell their cotton or abolish slavery. They would still bring their cotton to market, though insulted and rebuked at every step. They are under this inevitable necessity. Therefore the people of Great Britain have the opportunity and the power to do a great moral work without damaging their commercial interests; to do an act of justice and benevolence to Africa and the enslaved, by rebuking the oppressor, without the hazard of expense or the diminution of their own commercial prosperity in the least.

The lecture was listened to throughout with deep interest, many of the sentiments enunciated by Dr. Cheever eliciting from the audience the warmest expressions of approval.

At the close, the Rev. W. H. Channing, in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, remarked that from his own knowledge he could confirm the statements which had been made that evening in reference to the question of slavery in the United States. The resolution was seconded by the Rev. S. A. Steinthal, and adopted with acclamation. The usual compliment having been paid to the chairman, the proceedings terminated.

[Dr. CHEEVER spoke at the Stock Exchange in Leeds, on the 5th of April, Mr. J. LUPTON in the chair. His address, as reported in *The Mercury*, is substantially the same as that made at Liverpool.]

THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

At the Fifth Annual Festival of this Society, on the 24th ult., at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, the Rev. Dr. Vinton, of Trinity Church, in response to the third toast, "The President of the United States," said he believed the contest between the North and the South was the conflict between two civilizations—the one having for its base, intelligence, liberty, free labor; and against this a contrary one, instigated, as he believed, by the devil and the prince of darkness, which sets up the principle that man shall eat his bread by the sweat of another's brow—the system of plunder, of piracy by sea, and fraud upon the shore. Having accomplished the subordination of one class of men, they are attempting to subjugate the men of the North, and to live upon their industry. The speaker knew Jeff. Davis well, and he knew him to be the man that would do what he said he would, if it lay in his power. The Southern movement was a species of Mohammedanism, appealing to the lusts of our fallen nature, to corrupt men all over the world. In conclusion he called upon them to rise to their feet and swear that as members of St. George's Society they would follow the stars and stripes wherever in duty they might lead. The cheering which followed Dr. Vinton's remarks lasted for several minutes, at the end of which the President called upon all to join him in three hearty English cheers for Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. They were given in the most demonstrative manner.

Mr. Choate, of the New England Society, responded to the seventh toast, "Our sister societies." He thought that if ever there was a time when a son of New England might feel a pride in standing and speaking for his native land, it was at that hour and in that presence, when all her people were arming and marching to the defence of that liberty which they had learned from British ancestors to love. There had been at times a fear that New England loved liberty a little too well, and that she hated slavery a little too much. He thanked God that those days had gone forever. Events of the last few days had demonstrated that Massachusetts stood first in the hearts of her sister States, and that she had nothing to retract (cheers). Mr. Choate then drew a parallel between a supposed attempt of the seven southern counties of England against the British government and that of the seven seceded States of America against our own government. Supposing they should attempt to take possession of the British government, and proclaim that these seven counties were great Britain itself, what would happen? Wouldn't the British lion roar? Wouldn't that venerable creature bristle up and shake his mane? Would he not whet his tusk a little to prepare for a last annihilating jump? I reckon he would (laughter and cheers). Excuse me for using the privilege of a Yankee, and saying *I guess so* (renewed laughter and cheers). Would not the British people rise to arms? (A voice, "Yes, I *guess* they would," and cheers.) We do not ask for anything but that you should understand our cause, and that you should do to us as you in like circumstances would do for yourselves (cheers). We do not ask for anything across the water (cries of "You can have it if you want it," and cheers hearty and long continued). I have no doubt we could have it if we wanted it (cheers). But we propose to take this matter in our own hands.

From The Tribune.

The Toronto Leader has a clear and vigorous article in favor of a more close and intimate alliance between Great Britain and the United States, to be formed now while the very existence of the latter power is attacked by conspirators and rebels. "A true, sincere, firm alliance of the people of Great Britain and the United States," says *The Leader*, "would present no anomaly such as that presented by the alliance of England with France. And now it may be gained, if the Imperial government pursues a course of conduct indicative of good will to the Republic. The British nation is strong enough to render all sneers at its motives contemptible, but no nation is so strong that it can afford to lose an opportunity of adding to its strength."

—How friendly toward England is the feeling of the people of the Northern States was evinced last autumn on occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales. No doubt this feeling would be entirely destroyed should the British Ministry and Parliament exhibit a readiness to recognize the piratical government at Montgomery, and thus give a moral support to treason and rebellion. But we are assured that no such recognition is probable.

THE WAR AND SLAVERY.

From The Syracuse Standard.

SLAVERY is now manifesting itself, and the lesson of its inherent character and inevitable tendencies is being taught in a manner so direct and practical that the most stolid and wilful can hardly longer ignore or escape it. The light has long shone unheeded; now the lightning and the thunderbolt are here. Perhaps they will command attention.

This thing has not come upon our people unwarned. For many years, now, wise and thoughtful men in our midst have announced the presence of danger, the tendencies and sure results of slavery, reminding that it was a thing so essentially lawless and atrocious, in its nature ruthlessly aggressive, that it could not be tolerated without fatal injury, that it was sure, if suffered to exist, to work out the ruin of the nation and the total extinction of its liberties. The immense majority have persisted in dissenting emphatically from this statement. Whatever slavery might be in the abstract, it was, they insisted, nevertheless, a very tolerable thing in the concrete; a thing to be fellowshipped and lived with, to be compacted with in the formation of a Union, to be profitably traded with for commercial advantage, to be associated with generally in the friendships and intimacies of social life. At any rate, whatever it might be, it was plainly none of our affair, and our entire business, so far as any interference was concerned, was to let it utterly alone.

So we have been building up our "glorious Union," and erecting our great fabric of commercial prosperity, have married and given in marriage with this "institution" respecting its "sovereignty," and, for the rest, been careful to let it alone. Our hands have become full of the riches of success, the skies have seemed smiling bright, and all men flattered themselves that to-morrow must be as this day, only more abundant. Meanwhile, the slave has ground in the prison-house of his despair, sending his cries and shrieks into the ear of heaven, but unpitied and uncared for by us. Now, like a thief in the night, the day of visitation comes; the hour has struck and the game is up.

Slavery gripes at the throat of the nation. Trampling upon all compacts, it sets the government at defiance, batters down Sumter, marches upon Washington, and desperately seeks to throttle the very existence of liberty throughout the land; how is it now? The reluctant North is forced into war for sheer self-preservation, for dear life itself; has the North, in such case, anything to do with slavery? Slavery is a proper enough condition for the negro, say the people; let it alone. Now it presses its cup to their lips, giving them but the slightest taste of itself; how do they like it? The assassin to whom long while ago you executed your sacred guaranties of immunity and protection in the maintainance of his sovereign institution of robbery and murder, stands with dagger pointed at your heart; have you now any business in interfering with assassination?

This is precisely the case with our nation to-day. They have nourished and cherished the viper of slavery in their bosom, till they are being poisoned to death with its sting. There is no escape from destruction, except in swift crushing out the life of the reptile. There was never such occasion to abolish slavery as now, never such fine opportunity. The border States, in demanding new guaranties for slavery, have thrown away the old, making even their right to its protection, under the Constitution—a right commonly supposed to exist, but never, as God lives, actual or possible—forfeit. Slavery, always an outlaw in the eye of high Heaven, has became an outlaw in avowed attitude and legal fact. The supposititious obligation even is cancelled, and the free States are now at full liberty, as they have always been sacredly bound, to abolish the atrocity, and bid the slave go out free.

As for the Jeff. Davis Confederacy, it is becoming every day more and obviously and ripely what the Slave Power has always been in our land, a most grim and bloody conspiracy. Such a nest of pirates, so ferocious, insensate, mad, and insatiably cruel, does nowhere else exist on the broad earth to-day, and it ought to be crushed out swiftly and remorselessly as a common service done to the peace and life of mankind.

Then will there be a basis for reconstruction—a Union of free States and free men, vital and permanent because just and true. A war for such an end on the part of freedom will be eminently a holy war, carrying with it the wishes for its success of all true hearts the world over. But a war merely to haul back rebellious States into a slaveholding and slave-hunting Union—what right-thinking man, deeply as he must still execrate the malignant conspiracy against which it is waged, can invoke Heaven's blessing on that? God grant that in this hour, the North may strike for nothing short of justice and the rights of human nature. M.

WILL THE WAR ABOLISH SLAVERY?

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH.

* * BUT it does not follow that if the slave States combine in this crusade against the government, the institution of slavery will not be imperilled. On the contrary, if they conspire together to consummate the overthrow of the Constitution and the Union, it may become expedient to proclaim liberty to the captive throughout their whole extent from Maryland to Texas. This would be justifiable not only as a war measure, but as one dictated by humanity and justice.

This idea was plainly foreshadowed by Mr. Colvin, of the Albany District, in his speech during the closing hours of the State Senate. We copy:

"The Senator from the 3d (Mr. Spinola) has alluded to the crisis that now exists in our beloved country, as of fearful moment. A terrible one, I admit—a trying one, I admit. It is a dark hour, and yet, through the whole of it, methinks I see daylight. In the dark cloud methinks I see the sun still shining. The unanimity of the public sentiment of the people of this State, of this Confederacy, who do not secede and who do not believe in the doctrine of secession, will yet bring this great country out of this conflict—and we say more, sir, it will bring it out FREE, FREE, sir, in every sense of the word! And when that day shall come, sir, as come in my judgment it will, the greatest progress will have been made in human advancement. When that day shall come, the thrones of old Europe will tremble to their foundations. Despotism, sir, will quail. Republican institutions, sir, will take their place in a triumphant march over the earth. The true spirit of Christianity will be advanced, and man will be prepared for the millennial glories of our Lord."—*Syracuse Standard.*

This war may be a long one, but it is to be a victorious one to you. Some men ask, "Can we coerce them back into the Union?" I don't say we can, but we can conquer them; and when we do so, every dollar of property in those States shall be confiscated for the benefit of the great Northern army. Those fine plantations shall belong to the Northern soldier, and with Northern men we shall repeople those States. This may be bold talk but it is true, and it is certain to take place.—*Speech of Senator Spinola (Democrat) at the great meeting in Union Square.*

The time for defensive warfare has passed, and the time for aggressive action has come. The strongest defence is counter attack. Carry the war literally into Africa, by marching upon Virginia. Liberate the Africans, if need be, to crush out this most unnatural rebellion.—*Speech of W. J. A. Fuller at the Union Square meeting.*

Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, the "old war-horse" of the pro-slavery Democracy of the Empire State, made a speech at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the 22d ult., the chief points of which, says *The Tribune*, are embodied in the following sketch, although it does not reproduce the force and eloquence of Mr. Dickinson's language. He said that his hearers would bear him witness that he had long endeavored to stay the storm that has now arisen, and to bring about some peaceful settlement of affairs. But now the South, first by seceding, and second by firing on the old flag, had closed the door of reconciliation. He was for meeting them on their own ground. He would have no half-way measures, no compromises. Let us settle this thing speedily and surely. *It may ruin this generation, but we owe it to the next that they should have no such troubles as we have had. He would strike now, in our might, and if necessary wipe the South from the face of the earth.* He knew they would have civil war, and what was far worse, *servile* war; and he would make the prophecy that by the time this matter was settled the peculiar institution of the South would be swept away. Let us finish things while we are about it, and leave nothing behind us.

[Extract of a Sermon by Rev. C. H. A. BULKLEY, of Paterson, N. J.]

Many soldiers have fought in blind obedience to authority, knowing not for what final ends they bled and died; or if they knew, they have felt no interest in or desire for those ends; nay, often have had chills of conscience and misgivings of heart, at the wrongs they were forced to commit. Not so with us. Ours now is a war to defend the life of our nationality, the sacredness of our Constitution, the permanence of our Union, and the being of our government. Nay, more than this; we will not deny it, we cannot hide it, we are pressed into it; *ours is a war for universal freedom, freedom for every race and for all the world*—a war to beat back and overthrow men who prove themselves tyrants and who force us into *a resolve to exterminate wholly and forever the bitter curse which has made them traitors and us their victims.* In the language of Thomas Jefferson, which, alas for us, was stricken out of the Declaration of Independence to conciliate these now rebel States, they have "waged war against human nature itself, violating the most sacred rights of life and liberty, determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold." Aye! our very Capitol and the Halls of Congress have been their market, and the men whom they have bought and sold with their political coin—counterfeit and worthless—have been the white men, their fellows and friends in party bonds, who trusted and honored them, but whom now they basely desert and fiercely assail! Can treachery and meanness do more than this? And now what can we do else than meet them in their mad career and, casting that flag which they have trailed in the dust, far into their thickest ranks, rescue and raise it again in triumph? I am glad that they have for themselves discarded that star-spangled banner. For us now it is no mere piece of bunting, but the emblem of sacred memories—its stripes the streaming blood and its stars the flashing eyes of heroes—a heaven-born band. For us it is the symbol of truth, justice and freedom, never to be yielded again in one iota!

Well for them indeed it was to reject it; it could not rightly express their purpose and their work. *Those stripes too much reminded them of the slave's blood-cut back*, those stars were God's bright eyes of justice looking retribution into their souls. But if that sacred banner must even be rent and torn in twain, we will give them the stripes and keep the stars for ourselves. Be it then *ours*, and ours only, to raise, to rally around and to defend that flag.

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

Surely as there is a starlit heaven bending and beaming over us to-night, as with the eyes of angel hosts smiling down on the multitudes mustered for battle; as there have been auroras, striping with red and white radiances the northern sky in our winter's night, so the stars of our nation's banner shall be those angel eyes, and its stripes those auroras, beaming and waving at last over a land made wholly free, over homes of quietness and gladness, over true hearts and strong hands, that could not suffer iron yokes and leathern thongs any longer to press and fall on the necks and backs of God's weak and defenceless ones, of the nation's free-born children.

"Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust.'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph *shall* wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

From The New York Times.

The blindness of the border States in this controversy surpasses the ordinary bounds of human stupidity. They had it in their power to prevent this war, and dictate terms to the general government. If they had acted for themselves, instead of submitting to the dictation of South Carolina—if they had consulted their own interests, instead of pandering to the passions and mad ambition of the slave trade conspirators—if they had stood by the Union, and proclaimed their determination to resist any attempt to overthrow it—not a soldier could have marched across their soil to capture Washington, and not one would have traversed it to invade the Gulf States. Whatever war the government might have waged would have been a war at sea. Not a single border State would have had its peace disturbed. Slavery would have remained untouched, because half the slave States would have remained in the Union, and could claim a potential voice in deciding its policy. In the Union and with the Union, the border States would have preserved peace, protected their honor, augmented their influence, built up their prosperity, and fortified their domestic institutions against violence.

Providence has decreed otherwise. With a blindness that seems judicial, and in a mood which seems the madness that precedes and portends destruction, these States have rushed headlong into the burning hell that yawns before them. They have taken a position which will inevitably bring down upon them the fierce and swarming hordes of the multitudinous North. Their soil will be the battle ground of the coming conflict. Their harvests will be blasted, their people will be scourged, their ruin sealed, by the whirlwind of war that will sweep over them. They will defend themselves, they will fight bravely, they will perish rather than yield, but all to no purpose. Providence, numbers, wealth, everything that gives strength and decides the fate of nations, is against them.

For whatever woes may come upon them, the civilized world and the voice of impartial history will hold them responsible.

LETTER FROM HON. GERRIT SMITH.

From The Liberator.

PETERBORO', N. Y., April 17, 1861.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON—*My Dear Sir:* Your letter, inviting me to be one of the speakers at the approaching anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, is very welcome. Nowhere could I speak with more freedom than upon its catholic platform. For no other Society have I more respect than I have for that. Its steady and noble maintenance of its great principles through reproach and peril, for now nearly thirty years, has commanded my admiration and endeared it to my heart.

Very kind and highly esteemed as is your invitation, you must, nevertheless, allow me to decline it. My age, my heavy labors, and the needful care of my health since its repeated prostrations during the last three or four years, justify me in refusing to speak where there is an abundance of speakers without me. There will surely be no lack of speakers at your anniversary.

The great hope of your heart is soon to be realized. The end of American slavery is at hand. But that this end is to be in blood, is a prospect sad and appalling to the last degree.

Please put the enclosed draft for $50 into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

I have been pained to hear, from time to time, within the last year, of your bodily infirmities. I trust that they are passing away. You must not depart until your eyes have seen the salvation for which you have toiled longer and harder and more gloriously than any of us. Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH THE SLAVES?

From The Oneida (N. Y.) Herald.

WHAT will be done with the slaves? This is a question which is frequently asked. Will their masters place them in charge of overseers, while they go to the wars? or will they put arms in their hands and teach them to fight? One or the other horn of the dilemma must be taken. If the former, will it be believed by any sane man that the negro will allow the golden opportunity to pass without improving it by taking a jaunt Northward; or by a retaliation of their floggings upon the defenceless heads of the masters' families and their own overseers? It cannot be that the negroes are entirely ignorant of what is going on. They have sufficient knowledge to see that there is something unusual stirring, in which they are interested, and being naturally of a curious turn of mind, they will inquire into the matter. Their masters may succeed in deceiving them, and they may not. But they cannot blindfold them so completely that they will peaceably stay at home under the charge of a single man, or even half a dozen. The war will drain the South of its white population, so that if the slaves are kept at home it will be under the charge of a very small number of whites, and it is impossible that they should be entirely ignorant of their strength and the weakness of their masters. On the other hand, suppose the slaves are called from the cotton field and muskets put into their hands; that they are taught to use them, and are made conscious that they hold in their hands the life or death of a white man: what must inevitably be the result? The simplest logic will tell them that it takes no more to kill a master than a Northerner. They will feel that with arms in their hands they are equal to their oppressors, whom they have long feared only because they were stronger in the possession of fire-arms and deadly weapons. *They will never lay down their arms and quietly put on shackles.* Even if they are induced for a time to fight the forces of the government as the enemies of their masters, they will inevitably learn their physical equality, and having learned it, they will maintain it. The South is making very plausible stories about the loyalty of their slaves. If negroes were not human, they might calculate on their fidelity as one trusts a good dog; but as it is, the negro slave is a man, to all intents and purposes, and he will act as all oppressed peoples have acted in the history of the world—seize his freedom when it is within his grasp. A crisis in the history of American slavery has arrived, and how it will result seems not doubtful.

THE PERIL OF SLAVERY.

From The New York Chronicle—Baptist.

MIRABEAU, the leader of the National Assembly in the turbulent times of the first French Revolution, used to observe that "the Capitol was close to the Tarpeian Rock, and that the same people who flatter him, would have equal pleasure in seeing him hanged." As a pertinent expression of the swift changes which revolution brings, the remark was equally truthful and profound. It is hardly a figure of speech to say that slavery in America has been our political Mirabeau, the leader in our national councils, worshipped as almost a demi-god in one section of the Union, and looked upon with mild condoning lenity by the majority in all sections. Two short weeks ago hardly a man could be found who would acknowledge himself an Abolitionist. The North, as a body, have sympathized with the South. They have felt that they were subjects not of hostile, but of friendly and brotherly treatment. Now all is changed. A new public opinion has sprung up over the land. Reluctantly but surely the North is coming to the conviction that the war waged upon our government, is a war for the propagation of *slavery*. It is not in the cool realms of theoretic truth that this conviction operates. It is simply that deep instinctive feeling which overleaps all prudential barriers—that burning determination to root out once and forever, and that by the most speedy methods, the disease which is sapping the foundations of freedom and liberty and law. We believe that the border States have still power to preserve the South from this most horrible of all issues. If they are not madmen they will yet make the effort. But if the whole South determines to rally to the single issue of *Negro Slavery against the Government*, they must not be surprised if the North accepts the inevitable converse issue, *the Government against Negro Slavery.*

We say these things with sorrow; but it is idle to shut our eyes to a truth because it is a terrible one. It is impossible not to see that there is a deep, earnest, growing conviction in the public mind that in this war of sections, the fate of slavery is inevitably involved. Though unconnected with the present contest, so far as government authorities can control the matter, yet it would be as reasonable for the South to "sow the wind," and expect not to "reap the whirlwind," as to engage in this mad contest with the North, and expect that the institution of slavery will not be ultimately crushed in the death-grapple.

WAR AS A MEANS OF GRACE.

From The Springfield Republican.

THE greatest curse that can befal a country is a peace that fosters corruption. It is pure water that rolls over Niagara; it is bad water that sleeps in the Dead Sea. The peace of the grave is great, but the worms revel there. It is in motion—collision—combat—that power finds development and piety purification. We, of these United States, have had peace, but what has it cost us? The government has become so corrupt as to fall in pieces, of its own rotten weight. Officeholders have preyed upon the public to engorgement. Offices have been bought and sold, and men high in power have blackened their palms with bribes. The whole power of the country has been applied to the aggrandizement of a system of legalized wrong. Those who have loved slavery better than government, or law, or country, or friends, or the good will of mankind, have been petted and deferred to, and courted and honored, while those who have loved freedom and their country, and who, in the country's exigency, are called upon to defend it, have been persistently abused and maligned. Old landmarks have been wiped out that slavery might thrive. In the name of law, for the sake of slavery, four millions of men, women and children are denied citizenship. Pure men are knocked down in the Senate chamber for words spoken in debate; and more than half of the nation clap their hands. Men who knew better have longed to compromise with sin for the sake of peace. We have been beset for concessions—asked to cut off our right arms, to throw to the wolves that were following us.

In private life, men have grown mad for money. They had brave schemes afloat for amassing fortunes, and when the war-cloud rose, they turned pale, and whined, and said, "not now, not now." Their dreams promised such abundant realization, their schemes were working so finely, and they had so set their hearts upon the objects of their life, that they deprecated any disturbance. They could not bear to be torn away from their cherished objects, and were ready to purchase peace at any price. Many a man to-day would be ashamed to confess, even to himself, how much of that which he should hold dearer than life he would have been willing to give for peace. Commerce sold his honor by the bale, and his principles by the cargo; and then he rolled homeward in his coach, and battened in luxury. Men's spirits grew flat like stale beer with craven hopes for peace, while their hands grew nasty with the bribes they offered for its preservation.

Thank God! this is all changed. The Christian Church that had grown sleepy, and had gaped in its prayers, has found something to pray for, and is praying for it. We venture to say that there has been more fervent, earnest, acceptable prayer offered during the past week, and more honest confession of sin made, than during any week of the last fifty years. America has a recognized God to-day; and it is very doubtful whether she would have had one if war had not hurried the nation into His presence. War has broken up the nightmare of commerce. Men who have never thought of anything but money forget their old idolatries, and surrender themselves to the patriotic thrill that leaps from heart to heart like lightning along a chain. The old stuff with which they used to cheat their consciences is swept away like chaff. Brokers and bankers, and speculators and scriveners—lank-bellies and big-bellies—start from their chairs in Wall street, put on their hats, and rush out into the open air and shout. Stock gambling and stock gamblers are at a discount. Out among the farms, where men have plodded through weary years of peace, there rings a voice which transforms the plodders into heroes, and they march off for duty with new and stirring significance added to their life. The dapper young men of the city who have cut tape, and cossetted whiskers for years, grow out of their clothes in an hour, and find themselves men. Ah! well sang Tennyson, when, apologizing for and rejoicing in war, he said:

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand home."

Look, for a moment, at the million of low and brutal men who have been metamorphosed in a day by the war news. In the great cities they form the mob—the dangerous classes of society. They throng the bar-rooms, they haunt the low theatres, they have no intellectual enjoyments, they never see the inside of a church, they are brutal in their tastes and brutal in their habits. By the news of one hour these men, too, are transformed into heroes. They have felt the first genuine thrill of patriotism; they have experienced their first noble purpose; they are for the first time aware that there is something in them that responds to that which is best in the good people around them. The New York "Shortboy" and the pale faced student, the Five Points rowdy and the missionary who teaches his children, are moved by a common impulse. They shout together for their country; they strike hands for its protection. The impulses, emotions, and purposes that have moved these men for the last week have done more to elevate them than all the sermons of all the ministers of America could do in a century. They have grown better, larger, nobler, purer men for this experience. Verily war is a means of grace to them.

Again, party names are wiped out, and for once in fifty years men stand together as patriots. We are brothers all, to-day. We know no names but patriots and traitors. We give our hand to the first—our heel to the last. Once we suffered ourselves to be made mean by party spirit, and to become corrupt through it. Now, moved by a common impulse, we rally for the defence of our country; and the shackles of party fall off. Thank God for this. We can all now see, and recognize the fact, that, however widely we may have differed in opinion, our hearts have all been right; that deep down beneath all the errors of the head, there has been beating a true heart, and that we are patriots all, by whatsoever names we may have been divided. Is not this something worth learning? Could we have learned it at the feet of any teacher, other than war?

So, bowed with sadness that it must be, we bend to the necessities of war, believing that it is best for us. Honorable war is better than dishonorable peace. Honorable war is better than corrupt peace. War that stirs us, and calls for self abnegation and self-sacrifice—war that makes heroic the lives of common-place men—war that binds the hearts of men together as with bands of iron—war that that brings forgetful men and women to their knees, and leads them to the acknowledgment of the God of nations—war that inspires with noble motives the brutal elements of society—war that makes us forget schemes of personal gain in devotion to the country—war that recalls and emphasizes the trials of the fathers of the republic—war that shows us what a true peace is worth—such war is not the greatest of evils. Peace must come at last with the millenium. We are not good enough for it yet. We grow foul with it, like stagnant water. We believe that when this struggle passes by, we shall be a better and stronger nation for it. The medicine is harsh, but who will dare to say that it is not needful? Let it come, then; and may God in his mercy make it the blessing to us which he meant it to be!

Boston Correspondence of the same paper.

It is a privilege to live in such times. The elevation of feeling in the people is enough to compensate for all the hardships and losses of the war if it lasts as long as that of the first revolution. What if men do fail; they won't starve; there is no danger of that; and, by-and-by, good times will come again, and if hopes of leaving a large property to children are dashed away, this is no more than happens to a considerable degree in ordinary times; and now this loss will be more than compensated by the satisfaction of having borne some part in this glorious second war for independence. "We live in deeds, not years," says Festus. Ralph Farnham's hours on Bunker Hill were worth all the rest of his life, unless he was more fortunate in his opportunity to do good than the majority of men. This is the only chance we have had to do anything historical and *telling* for the country, and let us improve it. We have all done our duty, as we understand it, to our families, our neighbors, our party, civilization, education, religion, humanity, the intemperate, the slave, the victim of sin or of society's inequalities and injustice, and, perhaps, in the serener judgment of the Almighty, these services are as worthy as any other; but now seems a greater occasion, because our very existence as a free people, the fate of civilization itself, for a time, at least, hangs upon the issue of a campaign, longer or shorter as it may be. We have bragged and blustered and fired cannons and burned fireworks for Bunker Hill and Saratoga and the Fourth of July; the question now is, whether these places and days shall be wiped out and we go back, not to British rule, not to colonial and provincial times, but to the rule of tyrants and oligarchs, who, instead of ruling us, ought to be subjugated at once and forever. If we succumb, or consent to compromise or yield again to them, we shall deserve the contempt of the world, and shall have it, for we shall only postpone the contest, to be settled by our children or grandchildren. We should not be content even with peace unless it is accompanied by the establishment of a policy which, to say the very least, shall discourage slavery and encourage emancipation. We must no longer submit to the equality of slavery in our national councils. We must cage it and starve it out, if we do not kill it at once. Never let it rule us again, or even presume to be on equal terms with liberty. I have no idea that the slaveholding States will ever come back, unless as subjugated provinces, but if they do come back, we must insist that liberty shall be the national policy forevermore, and that slavery shall be put in process of gradual and speedy extinction. And I believe the people are ready for this—hunkers as well as anti-slavery men. This convulsion has opened the eyes of a great many "conservatives." They see that to damn the Abolitionists is all folly; they may as well damn human nature, for human nature and civilization and literature, and the spirit of the age fight against slavery, as against every other form of barbarism. Don't let us make half way work of it, leaving the boy now in his cradle to grow up, and thirty years hence have to go through another fight to complete a work which we ought to have finished for ourselves and for him. If we do our duty now, and do it thoroughly, we shall give the boys and girls such a start in life as none ever had before, in the history of the world. A vast, fertile country, blessed with free institutions!—what more glorious legacy can be transmitted to them than this; if we don't leave them money, we can give them a country to make money in, freeing it from the corrupting, vicious and disturbing influence of slavery.

EXPULSIONS FROM VIRGINIA.

From The Tribune.

CAPTAIN COLLINS, of the schooner O. H. Lee, arrived at Jersey City a few days since, from York River, Va., with the following passengers:

E. W. Evans and family, wife and three children, formerly of Binghamton, N. Y.; Geo. F. Southwell and family, formerly of Pennsylvania; Joseph Cross and family, formerly of New York; Alex. Terwilliger and family, formerly of New York; John Crosby and Charles Warner, also of New York.

All of these passengers were residents of Bigler's Mills, and were driven out of the State of Virginia for expressing a preference for the flag of Washington over that of Jeff. Davis.

It appears that some seven years ago, Mr. James Bigler, an enterprising citizen of Newburg, in this State, purchased a plantation of some 2,100 acres of land, and built up a flourishing little town on the York River, about twelve miles above Yorktown, and about six miles from Williamsburg. Mr. Bigler had an extensive peach orchard and vineyard in fine condition. He had erected extensive saw-mills, a flouring-mill, and fifteen or twenty dwellings, and other buildings, and was doing a large business in the manufacture of lumber, the sale of goods, the production of fruits, etc.—had, in fact, built up a thriving town, and everything was going on smoothly when news reached Williamsburg that Virginia had seceded from the Union.

The schooner O. H. Lee was at Bigler's dock, having brought in a cargo of goods for Mr. B., and was taking in a return cargo of lumber and wood, when a company of ragamuffin cavalry, armed to the teeth, and headed by Lieutenant Cosnahan and Sergeant Taliaferro, who is a Professor in William and Mary's College, rode into the place in very terrible array, and seized the schooner. After a great parade in the examination of the vessel's papers, etc., they finally gave Captain Collins the following:

PASSPORT.

YORK RIVER, April 20, 1861.

The schooner

rebels wanted all. So, to save their lives, they hired a sloop to bring them away. So sudden was the summons to quit, that many of them came with nothing but the clothes on their backs, leaving and losing everything else. Some of them will be utterly ruined by this villany, as, under the plea of absenteeism, they expect their property will be confiscated.

This expulsion of Jersey truckers from Virginia has been going on in a quiet way for weeks past, as parties of them have been constantly returning home. No recruits have, as usual, at this season, gone down to assist. But this wholesale expulsion — for it extends to others who have not yet been able to find conveyances to get away — will effectually break up the entire Southern supply of early vegetables for this season.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT — WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE ANNUAL MEETING POSTPONED.

In view of the unparalleled excitement now existing throughout the country, arising from the treasonable attempt of the Southern Slave Oligarchy to overturn the General Government, and to erect an exclusively slaveholding despotism upon its ruins, to the overthrow of all free institutions, it is deemed by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society a measure of sound expediency to postpone the usual anniversary of the Society, in the city of New York, in May next, until further notice — a decision which they are confident will be most cordially ratified by the members and friends of the Society; especially in view of the cheering fact, that *there is at last a North* as well as a South, and that the present tremendous conflict is, in its tendencies, strongly and irresistibly toward the goal of universal emancipation, or else a final separation between the free and slaveholding States, in accordance with the principle of "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." Let nothing be done, at this sublime crisis, needlessly to check or divert the mighty current of popular feeling which is now sweeping southward with the strength and impetuosity of a thousand Niagaras, in direct conflict with that haughty and perfidious Slave Power which has so long ruled the republic with a rod of iron for its own base and Satanic purposes.

The annual meeting of the Society stands adjourned until further notice.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } *Secretaries.*
C. C. BURLEIGH, }

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE CRISIS.

WE believe that the policy of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in postponing its Anniversary for the present, meets with the general — we believe we may say, the unanimous — approval of its members and friends. As we have never been deterred by the threats, or by the reality, of popular violence from holding our regular meetings since the gathering of the Society, we may gracefully and properly stand aside now that the tide of popular feeling is setting so strongly in the direction we would have it run. Though there can be little doubt that we could hold our meeting in all peace and quietness next week, still there is reason to apprehend that it might be made an occasion to endeavor to distract the attention of the city and the country from the slaveholders to the Abolitionists. It must be remembered that, notwithstanding the apparent unanimity of Northern sentiment just now, there exists as much genuine sympathy with the slaveholders and as bitter a hatred of Abolitionists as ever there was. Though the great majority of the men of business, who used to be willing to let the South have her own way as long as her way did not interfere with theirs, have had their eyes opened to the real nature of her demands and have risen *en masse* to thrust them down her throat, still the race of base and truckling politicians, who love the dominion of the slave-masters for its sake, and who mean only slaveholding license when they bawl liberty, remain unchanged at heart. They have been forced to change their voices, but their heart's desire is still towards slavery. The serpents may have ceased to hiss for a season, but their sting is only sheathed, not plucked out, and their venom as deadly as ever. These would rejoice at any opportunity on which they could seize to divert the eyes and the mind of the public from the common enemy. Such an opportunity we do not see fit to afford them.

As to the great mass of the people who seem to have undergone this great conversion, they were not of the desperately wicked description. Many of them had never looked into the subject. They had taken the average notions of the street as to slavery, and regarded it as a thing with which they had nothing to do, and the agitation of which was damaging to that tranquillity which is the best atmosphere of trade. They did not believe that the demonstrations of the Seceders were really in earnest, but looked for another compromise which should put things on their old footing and put off the deluge, at least till after their time. The cannonading of Fort Sumter first aroused them to the actual state of affairs. They knew that the North had been making concession after concession to the South,

"Till rights submitted left her none to seize,"

and yet here she was in open, fiery, bloody rebellion against the government that had always fostered and protected her, merely because she could not be permitted to hold its helm herself, or by her creature. They saw that the question was not one of slavery and anti-slavery, or of North and South, merely, but whether there should be any government at all in the nation. And then followed that desperate ebullition of madness of Jefferson Davis, in which he proclaimed piracy to be the method of his warfare with the North. In his folly, nursed and stimulated by lying presses and demagogues here, he doubtless verily believed that this threat would bring all the capital and the commerce of the North in terror to his feet. Never did a bold bad man make a greater blunder. Instead of that, it knit every man who had a dollar to bless himself with in the closest of leagues to bring him to disgrace and ruin.

Though the progress of events thus far may not have kept pace with the constitutional impatience of our people, their march has been astonishing. Three weeks ago the whole North was plunged in the profoundest peace. Though the Southern complication excited a deep and anxious interest, yet few looked for a solution of that entanglement by the sword. Some other way would be devised to untie the knot, or at least to leave it as it was. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the Nation was restored to sight and beheld whereabouts it stood, and felt in the secret chambers of its heart, if not prepared to proclaim it with the lips, what it was that had been the cause and original of all this hideous confusion. And at the sound of the President's voice, calling the nation around him, the whole North was changed into a camp, the tread of armed men resounded in the streets instead of the hum of peaceful industry, thousands of troops have been precipitated on the hostile frontier, and thousands more are on the march to the scene of action. While we comprehend, and rejoice in, the earnestness and impatience which have inspired the strictures of the press of this city upon the dilatoriness of the President and his apparent temporizing with armed rebels, we think that they have gone, up to this writing, rather beyond the demands of the facts. He is blamed for not calling for volunteers sooner. But he had no reason to suppose, either from the conduct of Congress or that of the North heretofore, that such a measure would have been heartily responded to. It required a blow like that of the cowardly and brutal bombardment of Fort Sumter, which every man felt like a blow in the face, to awaken the North to the position in which she stood and arouse the spirit which it demanded. Whether accidental or designed, a happier circumstance than that delay could hardly have been devised by the happiest genius.

A President cannot be expected to be in advance of the people he leads. His position in his Inaugural as to letting the seceding States alone, only maintaining the strong places belonging to the nation and collecting the revenue, was as much as the North was ready to endorse at that time. To propose more would have been to array the North against him as well as the South. For the North did not understand the position, and why should she complain that he did not? So again his temporizing with the Mayor and the Young Christians (!) of Baltimore, with the notorious Dr. Richard Fuller at their head. We cannot doubt that he wished to tell them that their demand was impudent and insulting, and to order his footman to show them the door. But Washington was not strong enough then to stand alone. The communication North was cut off, and he did not know that he might have half a million of men and a hundred millions of money for the asking. Had he done anything to arouse yet more the passions and to unite the energies of the Marylanders, such as the assertion of the perfect right of a free passage for troops through Baltimore and his determination to enforce it, Washington might have been taken and he made prisoner by a *coup de main* before help could arrive. Now that he has force enough at his command, the country expects, nay demands, that the way through Baltimore be opened, even if it can only be done by leaving not one brick of that accursed city on another. The President has shown himself, thus far, the faithful servant of events. Let us trust in him yet a little longer that he will not prove disobedient to them as they arise and beckon him forward. The absolute subjection and military occupation of Maryland is another demand of the time and of the people. She must not be allowed to secede. She must be held by the strong arm, if necessary, and the liberation of her slaves, with compensation, the blessing bestowed upon her in exchange.

So again as to the limits the President has assigned to himself in this warfare, we apprehend that it is more than he can do to keep within them. The demands of the nation now far transcend the simple maintenance of the *status quo*. Simple resistance of attack will not satisfy the spirit which the conduct of the South has evoked. We imagine that the thousands of brave men now encamped about the Capital, and the thousands on their way to join them, will not consent to wait patiently till the slaveholders are quite ready to come over and spit in their faces. If the enemy will not come to them, they will demand to be led against the enemy. Defensive action alone is all very well. But Canada was conquered on the Rhine, and a defensive war is best carried on in the enemy's country. That army did not leave its farms, and its workshops, and its merchandize, merely to keep Washington safe and sound. It rallied to put down treason and to punish traitors, and to dictate the terms of the peace that is to be granted to the rebellious region. This may be done better at Richmond, perhaps, than at Washington. The military occupation of that city, of Norfolk, of Mobile, of Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, may be essential to the final pacification of the country. And who can say that the voice of Destiny will not command that the chains of the slave shall be severed by the edge of the sabre before it be again sheathed? This must come at last out of this combustion; who knows how near it may be at hand? He who knows at once how to follow and to guide events has an immortal name in history, if he does his work aright. But it will be done all the same in the end, whether Presidents and Cabinets promote or hinder it.

CHANGES.

CHANGES of the most amazing and momentous character are going on around and within our community. "The march of events" is a phrase insufficient to express what we now see and hear. History is made, in these days, with unexampled rapidity. Occurrences, of a magnitude and importance exceeding anything that has been known here since the Revolutionary war, are now matters of daily expectation and experience. Like Max. Piccolomini —

"We see them crowding, hurrying, driving on,
In wild, uncustomary movements."

It is as if we were suddenly transferred to a land of earthquakes, in a period of intense volcanic action.

One of these changes is seen in that large class of men whom we have been accustomed to call "hunkers," and in that portion of this class whose vacillations have stamped them with the epithet "doughface." These men are now seen in hearty and energetic opposition to the very party that *we* have been so long opposing, to the tyranny that rules the South, tramples on the slave, and tries, unceasingly, to subjugate the North. The genuineness of this opposition is unquestionable. It is shown by the giving of their voices, their personal presence, their influence and their money, without stint; and yet more by their postponement of all other interests and considerations in favor of this. The strong man is now thoroughly awake and active; and his attitude of determined resistance to the aggressions of the South, however irrespective of the tyranny of that power over the slaves, will no less avail to break *their* bonds, by the same manly effort that snaps his own. Yes, three different and widely dissimilar classes will be emancipated by those armies of the North who are now marching with the purpose merely to fight their own battle. When they break the yoke of the Southern oligarchy, in the act of falling from *their* necks it must needs release the slaves; and it must release, no less, the "poor whites," the "mean whites" of the South, who, thus far, have been willing instruments in their own degradation; and we shall then, for the first time, have a chance to see whether any appreciable number exists of that class to which Mr. Helper directed his spirited and noble appeal. If that class had then banded themselves in open opposition to slavery, the war might have been saved. It remains to be seen whether, after the war has overthrown slavery, they will make united opposition to its reëstablishment, and thus give *themselves* the chance to rise which has hitherto been wanting.

The suicidal fool-hardiness, the utter insanity of the Slave Power, has brought this retribution upon its head much earlier than the slow-moving wheel of time would have done. The renewed and multiplied outrages of the slaveholders have forced the North to see what the Abolitionists, Cassandra-like, ineffectually told her long since, that she was bound in the same chain with the slave. To us it always seemed amazing that she did not spontaneously see it. The outrages of the last three months, which have fused the North into a furnace of warlike resolution and action, are no more essentially outrageous than the expulsion of Mr. Hoar from Charleston, which took place so long ago; than the assault upon Charles Sumner, by people called "gentlemen" (afterwards thanked and praised by other "gentlemen"), for words spoken in Congressional debate; than the lynching, with various degrees of atrocious violence, of peaceable individuals from every Northern State, within the last twenty years, generally with no other pretence than that they held opinions different from those of the Southern community in which they chanced to be residing, visiting or travelling; nay, the essence of intolerable tyranny is as surely contained in the refusal of a Virginian postmaster to deliver a *Tribune* to one who has subscribed for it, as in the approach of Jeff. Davis and his brigands towards Washington, or in his license of piratical depredations upon Northern commerce!

The slaveholders seem now to be in the state which our Puritanical ancestors expressed by the phrase "left to themselves"; a state of determinedly persistent depravity such as sent Sir Ralph the Rover to silence the fog-bell on the Inch-cape Rock — such as caused Count Albert the renegade to descend the third time to "the cavern of flame," after erasing from his breast that mark of the cross which hindered his compact with the demon — such as makes the guardian angel desist, weeping, from all further remonstrance — such as was supposed to cause even the Heavenly Father to leave total depravity to work its own will, and transform all things into its own hideous likeness. The slaveholders themselves, by repeated and unbounded enormities, have forced open the eyes of an unwilling North, compelling its recognition of their true character. They have chosen the desperate game of an attempt at open and complete conquest; and their insane desperation has accomplished that which we have so long vainly attempted — a hearty and thorough Union of the North in opposition to them.

This brings us to the mention of a second great change of which we wish to speak.

Just in proportion as the individual slave States secede from THE UNITED STATES, just in that proportion THE UNITED STATES approaches the character of a truly free nation, self-governed in a truly democratic manner. This blessed change is rapidly hastening. Whatever be the condition of "The *Confederate* States," THE UNITED STATES are getting purged from slavery faster than our most sanguine imaginations have anticipated.

In proportion as this change advances, the Abolitionists approach the position of "Union men." As soon as this change is completed, Abolitionists become at once the firmest of Union men, zealous and active in support of a free government, welcoming its advent in behalf both of their clients and themselves, and rejoicing in the commencement of that experiment of "free institutions," of which we have hitherto had only the name. Our beloved friend Parker has fixed in many hearts his favorite picture of a government "*of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people." Slavery only has prevented the realization of this fair image in our past history. When the light now dawning shall have risen to perfect day — when THE UNITED STATES of America shall stand, a nation without a slave — when (as to *our* nation) the shameful distinction shall be annihilated which classes some men merely as *things* in the market, and merely as fractional parts of men in the government — when we shall become providentially free from the burden of an ancestral promise to help the oppressor and *not* to help the oppressed — and when no *pretence* even of a compact shall remain, excluding the emigrant Carolinian from that hospitality and protection which we gladly offer to the emigrant Hungarian — then the Abolitionist will be a joyful upholder of the flag, of the government, of the "institutions," of the glory, of the perpetuity of THE UNITED STATES of America.

We learn that Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the middle of a course of lectures now in progress in Boston, felt moved to substitute for the quiet literary entertainment prearranged for last week, a lecture upon that which now engrosses all men's thoughts. The sage of Concord spoke of the contest now pending as a contest between Civilization and Barbarism; between the spirit of the nineteenth and that of the fourteenth century. When he spoke of a chill feeling of loneliness that had been closing around us in the recent past, as of men abroad and bewildered, seeming to themselves without a government, without a country and without a home, the accustomed earnest attention of his audience seemed to grow deeper and more intense; but when he proceeded to say that thick-coming events seemed to show, unmistakably, that we should soon have a country "fit for an honest man to live in," enthusiastic applause, alike from old and young, proved that this chord, in the hearts of his audience, was already fully prepared to vibrate.

The Abolitionists have been right in giving a thorough trial to their idea of a peaceful abolition of slavery. They would have led this nation on to the easiest and best solution of the great problem. But she would not. Now, after giving her a thirty years' trial, the Supreme Ruler seems to have decided that the slaves are not to wait for their deliverance until the slow process of conversion has taken effect, either upon their masters, or upon their masters' Northern allies. Both, alas, remain impenitent. The great question will not be directly met. Our nation has lost the immense advantage which might have been gained by a spontaneous exercise of humanity and justice, and has left slavery to be destroyed by a side issue, brought on by the insane desperation of the slaveholders. So, too, the slaveholders have lost the immense advantage they might have gained, of establishing peaceful and friendly relations with the cultivators of their fields, by the substitution of attraction for compulsion as a motive power, the substitution of wages for the lash. The slaves will be freed by arms instead of by love and good-will. They will be freed incidentally, through a war not even made *for them*, by arms in the hands of men who do not think of or care for *their* deliverance. The emancipation of the slaves, which President Lincoln will soon be forced to proclaim as a war-measure, must thus be complicated with evils and sufferings, instead of being the purely beneficent influence which it might have been, had the nation listened to the voice of Garrison. But better thus than not at all, and better thus late than still later. Welcome be the operation, however agonizing, which removes the disease! War is an "acute" disease, temporary in character, and always tending to bring itself to an end. Slavery is a "chronic" disease, not only producing immense suffering and evil, but tending to its own extension and prolongation. Let slavery perish even by war, rather than still live; and when its expiring agonies have passed, let us, with faith, hope and courage, and with the new stimulus of a really free country in which and for which to work, apply ourselves resolutely to the task of reparation.

ON THE ROUTE TO WASHINGTON.

From Our Washington Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1861.

THE government is waking up and will surely "carry the war into Africa." I am confident of this from the most reliable advices which I have just received from Washington. The news received in Washington of the condition of things here has had a wonderful effect upon the Cabinet and the President. On yesterday, Mr. Seward was foremost among the war-advocates in Washington. Thurlow Weed left New York several days ago, and by great exertions got into Washington. He got there just in time to save Mr. Seward from destruction. He carried to the Administration the first reliable news of the "great revival" in the free States — the revival of the spirit of 1776. There was something of a "surprise" in Washington, to see Thurlow Weed the bearer of such news. Since he got there, renewed activity and vigor are perceptible. Instead of acting on the defence, the government will soon act offensively. Mr. Lincoln sent a message to Governor Letcher, with the threat that, the moment the Virginia troops made any movement towards Washington, the government would strike at Norfolk, Richmond, or some other weak part of the Old Dominion. This is the only policy which will bring success and honor to the government.

From all I can hear — and I have seen gentlemen high in place at Washington, and direct from the city — I am convinced that the President, Mr. Seward and every other member of the Cabinet have given up all hope or idea of peace. No such thing as separation is possible until the South has felt the power of this government. An attempt to settle our troubles before a war would simply result in the most outrageous demands on the part of the Confederates. They would hold every strategic point on the Southern coast and in the Gulf; they would demand Washington City; half the territories would have to be surrendered to the rebels before *they* would consent to a peaceful separation. And at last, if the free States would submit to all these losses — to all these disgraces — at last war could not be avoided. No! the rebels, to say the least, must feel the power of the government; must witness the exhibition of the courage of Northern troops. They have sneered at Northern courage for fifty years, and now they are going to put it to the test.

As for slavery, it is not necessary to be anxious about its fate at present. That a great war will utterly destroy it, no man can doubt. The best military authority on this continent has lately expressed the opinion that, in the event of an exhausting war — exhausting to the South — the slaves will rise to a man. The panic will at last *reach them*, and when it does, woe to the "oppressor." Maryland perceives this, and is hesitating as to her course. Virginia harbors the same feeling, but is overborne by the terrorists of the Wise and Pryor stripe. I hope to write you my next letter from Washington.

AVON.

POSTPONED. — The National Woman's Rights Convention and the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends are postponed. See notices in another column.

THE STATE OF THE NATION.

A Sermon, Preached on Sunday, April 21st, at Indiana Place Chapel, Boston,

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. — *Psalms* xlvi., 7.

IF the *moral* condition of a nation is its *true* condition, then we may say that this nation of free States was never in a better condition than it is to-day. If the strength of a government is in the hearty and unanimous support of the people, then there is no stronger government on earth to-day than that of Abraham Lincoln. When Hannibal, with his Carthagenian army, having destroyed the Roman host, was threatening Rome, the land on which his army was encamped outside the walls was offered for sale in the Forum, and brought a good price. So now, with eight States seceded, and their armies threatening Washington, United States stocks stand at about 90 cents to a dollar. It is true that our forts have been taken, our treasuries plundered of their gold, the munitions of war stolen from our arsenals. Our army and navy have been demoralized and honeycombed by the resignation of some officers, the treason of others, and doubts about the rest. It is true that the traitors who have had control for four years of the Administration have used the whole power of the government against itself, have left us without money, troops, vessels or arms — have laid their plots safely, have drilled and disciplined their troops, and are wholly ready for a conflict for which we are wholly unprepared. Very likely they will succeed at first. We may be beaten at first, again and again perhaps, defeated and disgraced. *Our* disasters will come at the beginning of this war — *theirs* are to come by-and-bye. The end is not yet; no — and though they take Washington, take our President prisoner, seize the archives, and install themselves in the Capital, *that* is not the end. All that is *nothing*. So long as the magnificent spirit continues which actuates the whole North to-day, the spirit of devoted patriotism, of perfect unanimity of sentiment, of generous self-sacrifice, of calm, quiet courage, which does not brag at the beginning nor flinch at the end, so long the nation is safe.

A month ago the North was divided; there were *Republicans, Democrats, Union* MEN. Where are these parties now? The first cannon-ball which chipped a brick from Fort Sumter demolished all these parties. There is only one party now in the country — that of *the Stars and Stripes*. Rhode Island, it seems, was to secede if the Democrats elected Governor Sprague. They elected him, and he offers to go at the head of a regiment of Rhode Islanders to defend the Union. Mayor Wood thought that New York City ought to separate from the State; now the city leads the State in enthusiasm for the Union. The men who, a month ago, would reprove me for speaking against slavery, now go a good deal further than I can go in that anti-slavery direction.

State street, which frowned so lately on everything which could hurt Southern trade, is now ready to blockade Southern ports. Those whom some of us accused of loving nothing but money, have nobly disproved that charge by pouring out their gold like water in defence of their country's safety and honor. I ask their pardon to-day, if I have ever brought such accusations against them. Yankees love gold, but they love other things more — they love liberty, justice and national honor more. This last week has forever washed from our name that disgraceful charge. All ranks unite; merchants give money, farmers leave the glittering ploughshare to rust in the crumbling April soil, young men leave their places and salaries, mothers give their sons, wives their husbands — all say in their hearts, "What can *I* do? It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country." I thank the venerable Edward Ruffin, of Virginia, for firing the cannon-shot which has proved the present generation to be a race of which their fathers in the other world need not be ashamed. This last week has made many subjects for future oration, epic, lyric and song. We need not go to Plutarch for noble thoughts and actions — we may find them in last week's newspapers — in the instance of the Marblehead mother, who sent her three sons to the war and was sorry that she had not three more to send — in the case of the young man just appointed to an office in the Custom House, who resigned it as soon as obtained to go to Washington with his company — in the case of the boyish soldier who, being asked with something of a jeer, "What do *you* expect to do?" answered modestly and gravely, "I shall try to do my duty." Yes, even the Broker's Board, and the Boston banks rise to the same place of magnanimity. The Church does not lag behind. The stars and stripes float from Trinity steeple in New York. I have met clergymen of several denominations who have said to me with irrepressible joy, "What a *grand* spirit this is which pervades the nation." The Governor has received letters from several clergymen begging to be allowed to do SOMETHING — only to do SOMETHING — to be chaplains or privates, to preach, to pray or to fight.

Well, war is a very bad thing. Fratricidal war is cruel as the grave. Our heart sinks within us at the thought of the anguish and torture on the battlefield — the tears of mothers and wives — and still more at the thought of the demoralization produced by war. War almost always demoralizes. It takes men from industrial pursuits, the schools of virtue, and teaches them to lead reckless and careless lives.

I have a horror of war. *My* way, as you very well know, would have been to say to the seven States, "Go in peace." I would have given them all the forts and public property in their territory; I would have given them Washington also, and been glad to get rid of it, for it has always been a most unsuitable place for the seat of government; and our Capital should have been moved to *Harrisburg, Penn.*, or *Columbus, Ohio*, years ago. All the technical difficulties about the separation seem to me to belong to a pedantic school of statesmanship — and all the fears of its turning our Union into a rope of sand, I think to rest on the old European idea of the stability and unity of a nation being in its government rather than in the united interests of the people, and their consent to the Union. Instead of dallying with the border States, and trying to coax them to stay, I would have built a bridge of gold to make it easy for them to go. So well do I love peace. But *now*, it is too late, or perhaps too soon for all this. Perhaps it was too soon then. It will end, I feel sure, in separation; but separation after a war, in which both parties have shown their strength, and proved the courage of their antagonist. Let us pray that it may be short; and that it may be short, it will be necessary to put forth energy at the beginning. It will be poor economy to spare now either men or money. Two hundred thousand men and $100,000,000 of money will make the war a very short one, and much less cruel and destructive than if protracted over a longer time.

And if war is to come, let us be glad that Massachusetts has taken her old place in the van — that we, first of all, have sent troops to defend our Capital. We have sent Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill to Washington. The men of Acton have gone — the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those who rose by candle-light on April 19th, 1775; had family prayers in every single family, and then went to Concord bridge to make the first stand on the American Continent, and fire the first gun against the British of the American Revolution. Captain Davis, of this company, fell at the bridge on that early April morning, and the Davis Blues of Acton were, I think, in that regiment whose blood first sprinkled the streets of Baltimore on April 19th, 1861 — harbingers, as I believe, of a greater Revolution.

It is no mere love of fighting which has taken 2,000 men of Massachusetts to Washington in reply to a call for 1,000. Massachusetts men do not love to fight — they do not fight because they love fighting. And this is why they are such good soldiers. The Mexicans, for example, who spend half their lives in fighting, who carry knives and pistols wherever they go, and get into brawls every day — when it came to real war, were defeated by the Americans in every battle. Massachusetts men fight from conscience, from duty; they go to battle to do a work, and they do not stop till it is done.

Some men fight as they eat their dinner, because they have a taste for it — an appetite for it — and they leave off when their appetite is satisfied — when their hunger is appeased. But other men, who fight as a work, do not leave off till the work is done; that is just the difference.

If our men went to war shouting and laughing, I should feel more deeply grieved. But I have watched them as they passed, and in every face I saw grave purposes — serious determination to do their duty. They were singing hymns at Faneuil Hall the other night, when their General passed among them. "Good Heavens!" said he, "have those Carolinians got to fight men who sing psalms!"

At such times as these, all men believe in Providence. At other times we believe in ourselves, or in laws — now we believe in God. At other times we believe that *Man* reigns, or that *Chance* reigns, or that *Fate* reigns — now we believe that the Lord reigns. It is not *Jefferson Davis* who has done all this — it is the Lord who has done it. We cannot bear to live except we have this faith, now. At other times we can do without God, or fancy we can do without Him — not so at present. This is the value of the Hebrew history contained in the Bible. They were surrounded by their powerful foes, ten times as numerous and powerful as they: the king of Syria at Damascus, the king of Assyria at Nineveh — Moab on the East, Egypt on the South. But they believed in Jehovah, and saw His presence in all events; and all mankind since, looking through those Hebrew eyes, have taken comfort in the hour of peril by seeing God in all things. So the Persian poet says:

"*God* gives to man the power to hit or miss you,
It was not thy foe who did the thing;
The shaft may from the bow *appear* to issue,
But we know an ARCHER drew the string."

We feel the presence of God in great events, which come unexpectedly, like thunder out of the sky; in those which come in opposition to the wishes and will of the great majority; in those which come not according to the usual laws of human action. Such events we call Providential. They are no more so, perhaps, than all events, but we *see* God in them more clearly; and He means that we shall see Him in them. He breaks, in appearance, the routine of nature, that we may hear His voice and know that He reigns.

We have been needing some great trial in this country. Years ago, I feared that we should have some great discipline — some terrible calamity. I have feared it for years. I hoped we might repent, like the people of Nineveh, and be spared. But it seems we needed it, and now it has come, like a dreadful tornado, which cuts its way through forest, field and town, leaving a desolate track heaped up with ruins behind it. But if God is destroying our prosperity, he is raising our virtue. Life is sweet, but there are sweeter things than life — we see that now. Wealth is good, but there are things so much better, that for their sake we will cast our treasure into the common stock. *Now* we *feel* it, and now we are able to *do* that. This is a sort of Pentecostal Day, in which the whole multitude are of one heart and one soul; nor says any one that aught that he possesses is his own, but we have all things in common.

God is pruning us, that we may bring forth more fruit. He chastens us for our profit. For the sake of national *prosperity*, for the sake of outward *union*, for the sake of a mere mercantile *peace*, we have here at the North been conniving for years at a system of despotism more cruel than exists on the face of the earth. We, at the North, have upheld slavery and given it new strength, and allowed it to go where it would — and this for the sake of *prosperity, union* and *peace*. Now we are punished in just those three points. Our *prosperity* has received a terrible check, our *Union* is dissolved, and our *peace* has terminated in what threatens to be an awful war. But let God be true, though every man be a liar. The punishment is just, let us submit to it patiently.

How the war will *end* no one need greatly doubt. The *Secessionists* are fighting for slavery as against freedom, and Jefferson, a slaveholder, told his brother slaveholders, long ago, that in such a struggle the Almighty had no attribute which could take sides with them. The slave States have a population of eight millions of free whites — the free States have a population of eighteen millions. They have no way of raising money for war expenses but by direct taxation; we have nearly all the imports of the country on which to levy duties. More than all, we are united, and they are divided. The Union party at the South is strong, and as soon as the Secessionists are everywhere defeated, will raise itself. Whenever it has the support of the strong arm of the United States, it will stand firm. If we are not led away by any vain notion of conquest — if we are ready for peace when a true peace can be obtained — then we need not fear, but say, "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." But the sooner we give over the insane idea of bringing back these slave States into the Union, the better it will be for us. This is not a rebellion, but a revolution — a revolution made inevitable by the antagonism of two wholly opposite forms of society, which can no longer go on together.

Let all our fighting, then, be in self-defence and to procure just terms of peace. After war there can be no more union between Northern free States and Southern slave States. This is not a sectional but a social struggle — the struggle of two hostile social systems.

I should say to-day, as I have always said — "Let them go"; but let them go on equitable terms. I should think it well for the *programme of adjustment* to be announced now. We do not wish, at the end of this awful struggle, to be just where we were before. One of two things — either slavery is to come to an end in the course of this struggle — and then all the States may reunite as free States — or else the free States and slave States must agree to separate. My programme in the latter case would be this:—

1. Every *slave State* which stands by the Union now shall, at the end of the war, have all its slaves freed at the expense of the Union.

2. Every *slave State* which refuses to stand by the Union now shall, at the end of the war, be refused admittance into the Union until it has emancipated its slaves at its own expense.

The *North* is now wholly united, and will remain united after the war. Therefore we shall be a power capable of standing face to face with any foe; none will dare attack us — we shall attack none. With this vast country stretching from sea to sea, with 18,000,000 of people swarming over it, with all the life and activity and energy which belong to freedom, we can bid farewell to those slave States which choose to leave us. We can give them their forts, we can even give them Washington and its buildings, and let them go their own way and try their own experiment. It is sure to fail, for slavery is a sin against God and a crime against man; it is a blot on the nineteenth century; it is an outlaw from the commonwealth of nations. Semi-civilized Russia casts it out; barbarous Africa is expelling it from her frontiers. A Christian nation based on slavery will be a house built on the sand.

Therefore, let us stand by each other now in these dark hours, trusting in God's eternal justice and truth. He that is for us is more than they that be against us. The nation rouses itself like a strong man after sleep, shaking its invincible locks. The Lord of Hosts is with us — the God of Jacob is our refuge.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

FROM OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT.

WE have a private letter from our Philadelphia correspondent, from which we venture to copy what follows:

"I can't write you a letter this week. News you don't want — having doubtless enough, and comment on what is passing is needless. Everything is so plain that he that runs may read. The end is near, and the means by which it is to be reached are disclosing themselves. Let us 'stand still and see the salvation of God.'

"You have done well to postpone the annual meeting. Speech at such a time would be an impertinence. A single oration, like that of Wendell Phillips, published in your last paper, is all that is required. Having had that, let us, for the present, be satisfied. Occasion will, in due season, call for more. Garrison, Quincy, Furness, Purvis, Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, have all to be heard from; but their time is not yet.

"In the meanwhile, thank God for Wendell Phillips! He is a glorious gift to the country and to the cause! And all honor to Massachusetts! Though not 'first,' as Mr. Phillips claims, she had the good will to be 'first at the threatened Capital.' That honor, however, belongs to Pennsylvania. The Berks and Schuylkill County troops of this State were the first volunteers on the ground. While the Massachusetts Sixth were on the way, Captain McKnight's Artillery were resting their travel-weary limbs on the cushioned seats of the House of Representatives. But none the less honor to the Old Bay State. The appearance of her battalions excited the liveliest admiration as they passed through this city, and their behavior at Baltimore laid all Pennsylvania under an acknowledged debt of gratitude.

"Everything is working harmoniously to the great and beneficent end. It is a sublime sight to see the North as if instinct with the spirit of freedom, rising as one man. It is no common enthusiasm this that glows in the hearts of the people. The 'sacred animosity' which has heretofore been a covered fire has broken out into a blaze, and its flames are sweeping all before it. The fervor of the North is genuine. It derives its intensity from its depth. It will never be quenched till the object which fanned it into existence shall be accomplished. The failure of the Secessionists is certain. It has already begun. They have failed utterly in three of the most important points in their programme. First, to produce a diversion in their favor in the North; second, to capture Harper's Ferry and its workshops, from which to supply themselves, for present and future purposes, with arms and munitions; and third, to hold the Navy Yard with its ships of war at Norfolk. The failure of these three measures will probably lead to a failure in the fourth, which is the capture of Washington; and that will ensure the failure of the fifth, which is to negotiate a war in Europe. They can't borrow money, and without money they can't long maintain their war. Their grand confederacy will be an abortion. The South will be ruined, and their 'institution' will pass out of existence. So mote it be."

FROM CHESTER COUNTY.

From a private letter, just received from a friend who resides near Hamorton, Chester County, we present the following extract:

"We never witnessed anything like the excitement which now stirs all classes of the people. From my inmost soul I thank God for this uprising of the North. We hear scarcely a word now against the Abolitionists. A week ago, I was in a crowd of three or four thousand men in Wilmington, Del., at a great mass meeting in front of the City Hall, and from the platform I watched with intense interest the emotion of the crowd when a sentiment favorable to freedom was uttered. Once, when a farmer, from the lower part of the county, in his rough speech, said, 'There is something at the bottom of all this thing that has not been touched by the speakers — I mean *slavery* — I tell you we must catch Jeff. Davis and wipe him out, and then take slavery and wipe it out' — he was cheered vociferously. I saw the mass were on the right side. Our noble friend Thomas Garrett was in his store with only one assistant, all the young men away watching the bridges and dwellings. Henry Garrett brought 500 stand of arms from Harrisburg into the city while I remained there. All business was suspended. Two thousand troops passed by in the cars. To-day (4th mo., 28) we had a full meeting at Longwood. A stranger who was expected failed to come, and I became a conductor of another man's lightning. I read the discourse of Wendell Phillips, with the accompanying Scripture lesson. The people had not heard it. I never read anything which excited more interest. It was electrifying, especially the closing paragraph. Come what may, I rejoice in the hope that the slave's redemption draweth nigh. Our young men, the flower of the county, will be in the thickest of the battle. May God give us strength to be true to freedom. I could write on and on, but I have said enough. With renewed confidence in the power of truth and an abiding trust in God, whose hand is underneath, I am, in unfeigned love, thy friend and brother,

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE."

THE LATE CLEVELAND TRAGEDY. — VIII.

THE *object* for which Lucy was sacrificed at Cleveland, the actors in the tragedy if indirectly yet clearly enough announced. She was offered as a victim to State necessity. The integrity and stability of the Union were exposed to peril. The South complained aloud that its rights had been invaded. It had, it alleged, a constitutional claim on the North for encouragement and protection in reducing men and women to chattelship. This was its proper work, its natural vocation, its characteristic office. On this its welfare vitally depended. Assailed here, directly or indirectly, its very existence was put to hazard. The doctrines which on the subject of human rights were taught at the North; the spirit which was cherished, the habits which were maintained, were, the South affirmed, grossly and flagrantly prejudicial to its welfare; and unless redress and security could in some effectual way be afforded, why, the South must abandon the Union and create a new empire. Now, the persecutors of Lucy at Cleveland, apprehensive and alarmed, resolved to contribute their share towards preventing a result so greatly to be deprecated. Compromise, concession, conciliation, must now be employed to prevent, if possible, Southern irritation and arrogance from ripening into enmity and opening the way for disunion. The fugitive slave bill must, therefore, be respected and obeyed under the hallowed name of Law, and Lucy must be offered as a victim on the altar of the Union! Hence the Cleveland tragedy!

Judge Spaulding, Lucy's advocate, himself furnishes the key by which the mystery of iniquity in which he was involved may be easily unlocked. He was almost as frank as he was foolish. Hear him: "While we do this, in the city of Cleveland, in the Connecticut Western Reserve, and permit this poor piece of humanity to be taken *peaceably* through our State and upon our railways back to the land of bondage, will not the South stay its parricidal arm? Will not our compromising legislators cry, 'Hold, enough!'"

And so, there was a mutual understanding among those who were represented at the trial of Lucy that that she should be quietly given up to "the will" of her persecutors. They might drag her away along the streets of Cleveland, not only without resistance or embarrassment, but even without remonstrance or rebuke! According to the Cleveland arrangement, she might be reënslaved "peaceably!" No demonstration hostile to the devilish outrage was to be permitted! Priests of all the sects and politicians of all the parties seem to have given their countenance deliberately to this deadly assault on human nature. It was manifestly the result of a murderous conspiracy.

Thus the good graces of the wolf were to be secured by giving him a taste of the blood of innocence! The "parricidal arm of the South" was to be "stayed" by humoring its prejudices and pampering its passions! Its inhumanity was to be reduced by affording it the means of indulgence! Are not *jackalls* great reformers among beasts of prey? The very model to which the people of Cleveland adjusted themselves in surrendering Lucy to her soulless pursuers! What a grand discovery in the science of human nature is here brought to light! And of what wide and various application! Will not parents, teachers, rulers, everywhere avail themsel

clearly indicate. What are these "rumors of wars" but a result, and therefore an illustration, of the policy of regulating and reducing prejudice and passion by affording them, through the sacrifice of the dearest rights of humanity, the means of gratification? Every new victim, which the servility and cruelty of the North have offered to the cupidity and rapacity of the South, has only rendered these tendencies more outrageous and exacting. Let Judge Spaulding and his fellows at Cleveland and elsewhere look well to their ways and survey with open eyes the prospects before them. Where now is the "great State of Virginia," to which they offered up "that poor piece of humanity," called "Lucy," to stay the "parricidal arm" which was then stretched out to shiver the Union? What good are they likely to derive from obeying an edict which they themselves could not help abhorring as intensely cruel? Like other and all "wicked men," they are "snared in the work of their own hands"; and, thank Heaven, no other alternative remains for them but *repentance or perdition!*

BENJAMIN GREEN.

"Proclaim LIBERTY throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

To-day the Slave asks God for a sight of this Banner.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Chronicles of the War.

MOVEMENTS AT THE NORTH.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

THERE are in the Capital about 20,000 troops, and the place is regarded as safe. The rebels have been foiled and awed by the prompt and majestic uprising of the North. They thought they could capture Washington before the President could rally soldiers enough to defend it. That such was their purpose and expectation there are abundant proofs. Annapolis and the railroad thence to Washington are now in possession of United States troops, and government steamers are running between Annapolis and Perryville, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, between which point and Philadelphia cars are constantly in motion. The Potomac river is also open for the passage of troops and stores. The people of the North and East have thus a way open to the Capital, but those of the West are cut off from direct access, the Baltimore and Ohio railroad being in the hands of the rebels at various points in Maryland and Virginia. This, however, is of little consequence so far as Washington is concerned, for the Eastern troops are sufficient to its defence, and it is understood to be the plan of the government to concentrate the troops of the West at various points on the slave border, to be in readiness either for defence or attack, according to circumstances. It is not unlikely that a large army may ere long sweep down upon the Cotton Confederacy through the valley of the Mississippi. It is believed to be the purpose of the government to blockade the Mississippi river at Cairo, the place where the Ohio mingles its waters with that mighty stream. A considerable force has already been concentrated at that point. The rebels may thus be cut off from all chance of obtaining supplies of food, men and arms from the Northwest.

Large numbers of persons, especially of women and children, have left Washington during the past week. Some of them made their way to the North through Maryland with much difficulty.

Much anxiety has been felt, lest the President should fail to respond promptly to the patriotic sentiment of the North, and by a merely defensive policy give the rebels further time to mature their plans. It is now confidently stated that he is thoroughly alive to the demands of the hour, and fully resolved to put down the traitors at every hazard. Seward's temporizing policy and advice are believed to have exerted a most pernicious influence, but the President, it is thought, in view of the startling events of the last few days, has come to the conclusion to execute the manifest will of the people of the North. Troops, in addition to those already called for, will be immediately required—swelling the whole number to *one hundred and fifty-eight thousand men*, as follows: 75,000 militia already called for; 40,000 to be called for for three years' service; 25,000 regulars for five years' service, and 18,000 seamen for the same period. Even this large number falls short of the actual offerings of troops already made.

WAR EXCITEMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

When it was discovered that 10,000 uniforms were wanted for the volunteers, the empty Girard House was rented, an army of cutters employed, cloth furnished by merchants at mere nominal prices, and women, taking fire at the call, came by thousands to offer their help to make up. No such sight was ever seen. The large building was filled with ladies, wives of the best citizens, with their daughters, working all day on coats and blankets, aided by an army of sewing machines. At least 3,000 persons, mostly ladies, went thus to work, aided by 100 cutters. Ladies came from all parts, town and country, volunteering to take home work, and Chesnut street was fairly blocked up with these patriotic women seeking to do something for the cause. Another incident of the time is the organizing of a body of some 300 women as nurses, experienced hands, who intend going with the troops to take care of the sick and wounded. Most of these are young women in robust health. This same anxiety to aid the cause appears in all the neighboring towns. One lady smuggled herself in as a volunteer alongside her husband, dressed in a suit of his clothes, and passing as his brother. Others, unmarried, offered themselves as vivandiers, to accompany the troops. The owners of many small houses occupied by departing volunteers notified them that they should charge no rent while they were absent at the wars.

THE BLOCKADE OF SOUTHERN PORTS.

The government is believed to be making diligent preparations to blockade all the ports of the rebel States, from Virginia to Texas. The naval armament, unfortunately, was left by the Buchanan Administration in a very crippled state; but we presume it will not be long before all the Southern ports will be closely guarded. Foreign nations, we presume, will respect this blockade, and if in any case it shall be found to violate rights secured by treaty to citizens of foreign countries, the government will promptly make remuneration.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

There is every reason to believe that the portion of Virginia lying west of the Blue Ridge will resist the ordinance of secession and adhere to the North. The number of slaves there is comparatively small, and the people are rallying to the flag of the Union. Public meetings have been held at Wheeling, Morgantown, Wellsburgh and other places, in which the people gave expression to their loyal feelings. If seasonably supported by troops from the Northern side of the Ohio, they can no doubt wrest Western Virginia from the clutch of the traitors.

LOYALTY OF GENERAL SCOTT.

The rebels have flattered themselves that General Scott would resign sooner than fight against the South. It was reported in Virginia recently that he was about to retire from the service of the United States, whereupon Judge Robinson, an old personal friend and classmate, came to Washington from Richmond, to offer him a commission as Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the "Confederate States." On learning the purport of Judge R's errand, General Scott interrupted him with a declaration that if he went any further in making such a proposition to him, he (Judge R.) would not be permitted to get back to Richmond; adding, that having sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, he realized all the honorable obligations of that oath, and should of course observe them.

H. W. BEECHER AND HIS CHURCH.

One hundred and twenty-five members of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, have enlisted—among them Mr. Beecher's oldest son and the betrothed of his oldest daughter. A member of the Church has engaged to furnish every one going from the Church with revolvers, up to the number of 200. The Church will make ample provision for the outfit of its members. In the Church Parlors, every day, from 9 till 1 o'clock, the ladies of the congregation meet for the purpose of making up articles necessary for soldiers, preparing lint, and otherwise helping the good cause. On Sunday evening last a company of 150 Zouaves attended the church in uniform, and Mr. Beecher adapted his sermon to the occasion. His text was, "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." Of the American banner he said: "It shall be displayed from the Atlantic wave clear across, with eagle flight, to the Pacific. From the North where snows and ice stand solitary, clear to the Gulf and tropics, that banner has waved and shall wave forever (irrepressible applause). Under this banner moved Washington, he and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms; it waved over West Point, over Fort Montgomery—and over another Montgomery it shall yet wave. It must go to the capital of this nation. Not hidden, not secreted or covered in any case, but advanced full, high—displayed bright as the sun, clear as the moon, terrible as an army with banners. For a single week that shameful circuit may be needful, but the road for New England, New York and Pennsylvania lies right through Baltimore (applause here again found vent, Mr. Beecher remarking that he supposed they could not help it). But you must not stop at the Capital. You must go beyond. The land of Washington shall see Washington's flag again. It must see Charleston again, and float from the old fort. It must go to the Alligator State, and wave over all fields of sugar and tobacco. It must be found in every State, till it touches the Mississippi. Bathing in its waters, it must go across to Texas, nor stop till it floats in every State and Territory. Have you not had enough mischief of slavery? Slavery—cockatrices eggs are what it hatches. Slavery breeds traitors in the masters, and miserable slaves are its subjects. Slavery is the damnable poison that has been circulating in the body politic. Blessed be God, there is a medicine found. Let the banner go over every inch of the rebellious States with the watchword, 'Defiance to Slavery; all hail to Liberty.' If I go to Constantinople, and a mob assail me, that banner saves me. I can go round the globe and be safe. But in my own country it is defied. It is denied me to go to Washington. We have not had a government for fifty years that slavery did not wish to have. Uncounted hundreds of men have been mulcted in their pockets, have been hung, murdered, and no government has made inquisition for them. But it shall wave, and men shall go to Mobile on the same tenure that they come to New York. A compromise that will bring peace will be this: Hang the ringleading traitors, suppress their armies, give peace to their fields, heave up the banner, make a highway in which every citizen may pass; but so long as compromise means the yoke for us and liberty for them, it is a devil's trick."

A SINNER DOING THE WORK OF A SAINT.

The Saturday Evening Courier makes the following statement: "The musicians who accompanied the first detachment of Massachusetts volunteers on their way to Washington were stopped at Baltimore, and, after being most brutally and cruelly assaulted by the demoniac mob, were rescued from their perilous position in a most remarkable manner. The band consisted of twenty-four persons, who, together with their musical instruments, occupied a car by themselves from Philadelphia to Baltimore. By some accident the musicians' car got switched off at the Canton street Dépôt, so that, instead of being the first, it was left in the rear of all the others, and after the attack had been made by the mob upon the soldiers, they came upon the car in which the band was still sitting, wholly unarmed and incapable of making any defence. The infuriated demons came upon them howling and yelling, and poured in upon them a shower of stones, broken iron, and other missiles; wounding some severely, and demolishing their instruments. Some of the miscreants jumped upon the roof of the car, and, with a bar of iron, beat a hole through it, while others were calling for powder to blow them all up in a heap. Finding that it would be sure destruction to remain longer in the car, the poor fellows jumped out to meet their fiendish assailants hand to hand. They were saluted with a shower of stones, but took to their heels, fighting their way through the crowd and running at random, without knowing in what direction to go for assistance or shelter. As they were hurrying along, a rough looking man suddenly jumped in front of their leader, and exclaimed, 'This way, boys! this way!' It was the first friendly voice they had heard since entering Baltimore, and they stopped to ask no questions, but followed their guide, who took them up a narrow court, where they found an open door, into which they rushed, being met inside by a powerful looking woman who grasped each one by the hand and directed them up stairs. The last of their band was knocked senseless just as he was entering the door, by a stone, which struck him on the head; but the woman who had welcomed them immediately caught up their fallen comrade and carried him in her arms up the stairs. 'You are perfectly safe here, boys,' said the Amazon, who directly proceeded to wash and bind up their wounds. After having done this, she procured them food, and told them to strip off their uniforms and put on the clothes she had brought them, a motley assortment of baize jackets, ragged coats and old trowsers. Thus equipped, they were enabled to go out in search of their companions, without danger of attack from the Plug Uglies and Blood Tubs, who had given them so rough a reception. On going back to the house where they were so humanely treated, they found that their clothes had been carefully tied up, and with their battered instruments had been sent to the dépôt of the Philadelphia Railroad. The noble woman who rescued these men is a well-known character in Baltimore, and, according to all the usages of Christian society, is an outcast and polluted being; but she is a true heroine, nevertheless, and entitled to the grateful consideration of the country. As she is too notorious in Baltimore not to be perfectly well known by what we have already told of her, it will not be exposing her to any persecution to mention her name. Ann Manley is the name by which she is known."

MARYLAND.

The demonstrations at the North have brought Maryland to her senses, at least so far that the Legislature has refused, 13 to 53, to call a Convention to consider the question of secession. The Governor proposes that the State shall take a *neutral* position, but that will not be permitted. The State must voluntarily return to her allegiance and open the whole of her territory to the passage of U. S. troops, or be conquered. Fort McHenry could lay Baltimore in ashes in a short time, and troops distributed at prominent points, with the aid of the loyal portion of the people, could easily hold the rebels in check. The bridges on the railroads must be restored, and the great routes of travel opened to the government and people. The mob is said to be losing its sway at Baltimore; the wealthy citizens of that city choosing to make their peace with the government rather than have their stores and houses destroyed by bombs from Fort McHenry. Travelling in most parts of the State is still difficult and dangerous for Northern citizens, though the secession fury is believed to be abating. Many persons, however, believe that this change is apparent rather than real, and only intended to throw the government off its guard and give opportunity to the rebels to perfect their plans.

Representatives of the "Young Men's Christian (!) Associations" of Baltimore, with the Rev. Dr. Fuller, a Secessionist, at their head, went to Washington last week to remonstrate with the President against the passage of troops through Maryland, and to persuade him to adopt a peaceful policy. Dear Christian birdlings! they never thought of sending a deputation to Jeff. Davis and his advisers to persuade *them* to pursue a peaceful policy. The President did not give them much satisfaction. He told them that the Capital must be defended, and that as the troops could not fly over Maryland, nor make a tunnel under it, they must needs pass through it. Another company of Marylanders, we believe, told him that 75,000 people of that State would contest the passage of Northern troops over the soil of the State; to which the President is said to have replied, that probably there was room in Maryland to bury 75,000 men!

MASSACHUSETTS FOREVER.

The conduct of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment at Annapolis has won them great praise. When Gen. Butler asked if any of them could call the Constitution, fifty-four men stepped from the ranks, one of whom was the son of the man who built her! A similar response occurred when the General called for mechanics to put the dislocated engine together. One stalwart Yankee stepped from the ranks and said, "Well, General, I rather think I can—I made that engine"; and in two hours the engine was at work drawing trains with the troops toward Washington. The efficacy of the sick ward six-doctors with which the regiment abounds, was a most fortunate thing for the vast body of troops encountering there.

SLAVE-CATCHING.

The slaves evidently have an impression that the war may give them freedom. A correspondent of *The Herald*, writing from Portsmouth, Va., says that the Commander of Fort Monroe has to keep a guard at the bridge communicating with Hampton, in order to keep off fugitive slaves, who have an idea that *they* may find protection in the fortress. The writer says:

"Not many days ago, a dozen or more escaped over the Mill Creek bridge; but were conducted back to the Hampton shore by order of Colonel Dimick. Some of them were not recovered by their owners, but got off into the woods. The Hamptonians complained bitterly that they had not been brought by the troops to the guardhouse. The Colonel replied that he had neither right nor authority to do more than expel them from the precincts under his command, and that therewith they must be content. One wench managed, however, to remain three weeks in the fortress, going about from kitchen to kitchen, before the fact of her being a slave was discovered."

Col. Dimick is said to have told the Virginians that "there was not a particle of abolitionism among his Massachusetts soldiers; that they all entertained the utmost respect for the rights of the South, and were indisposed to attack it; but that they had come away from home to defend the Union, and because, as they said, 'they wished to know whether they still had a country.'"

COLORED MEN OFFERING THEIR SERVICES.

A Philadelphia correspondent of *The Tribune* says: "I hear a rumor of a force of 5,000 blacks being organized. They offer to raise that number of men provided a pledge is given them that they will be marched directly down among the rebels. Such a body could be raised here and in this neighborhood."

A correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Harrisburg, Pa., says: "I have obtained information to the effect that a movement is on foot to organize a regiment of free colored men for the purpose of turning the attention of Eastern Virginia to her domestic enemies. I have just conversed with a gentleman from Canada who has made statements which go to confirm the information I had previously received, and with further particulars. At Chatham, Canada West, there was an intense excitement among the colored population, growing out of the present hostile attitude of the South towards the Federal Union, and measures were being taken to organize a force there, fully armed and equipped, to come to the States, and, securing recruits among the colored men in the free States, to complete their organization here, and at once move to the scene of offensive operations. John Brown, Jr., had consented to take command of the regiment, and other white men of influence among the colored population were coöperating in the movement. Recruiting has already commenced in Ohio and Pennsylvania, to be ready to join the Canadians, when they shall arrive. They have no confidence that the movement will receive the sanction of the State authorities in the North, and hence the attempt will be made upon their own responsibility, they taking all the risks. The purpose, as announced, is to await a hostile demonstration on the part of Eastern Virginia against the Union, and immediately upon this, to proceed to the mountains to commence an insurrectionary movemement among the slaves, and carry on a system of guerilla warfare against the villages and farms of those known to favor secession. Anderson, a mulatto, who was with John Brown at Harper's Ferry, but who escaped, was the active recruiting agent in Canada."

While the slaveholders are boasting of their colored soldiers, the Commanders of the Northern forces refuse to let the colored men of the North have a chance to fight. In Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Columbus, black men have offered their services and been rejected. This exhibition of caste is very discreditable.

MOVEMENTS OF THE REBELS.

CONTEMPLATED ATTACK ON WASHINGTON.

The latest advices from all parts of the South agree in declaring it to have been the purpose of the rebels to take Washington. Their failure at Harper's Ferry, the burning of the Gosport Navy Yard, but above all, the uprising patriotism of the North, has for the moment disconcerted them. Their troops, however, are rapidly advancing into Virginia, and the war-cry among them is, "To Washington!" The report that they were fortifying Arlington Heights, with a view to the bombardment of the city, proves incorrect; nor have they as yet erected batteries on the Potomac. Troops are gathering at Richmond, Alexandria, Harper's Ferry, and other places. They are partly Virginians, and partly from States further South. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, in a speech at Richmond, said: "If Lincoln quits Washington as ignominiously as he entered it, God's will will have been accomplished." The Richmond *Examiner* of the 23d ult., under the heading "Capture of Washington," expresses itself in the following amiable terms:

"The capture of Washington city is perfectly within the power of Virginia and Maryland, if Virginia will only make the proper effort by her constituted authorities; nor is there a single moment to lose. The entire population pant for the onset; there never was half the unanimity among the people before, nor a tithe of the zeal, upon any subject, that is now manifested to take Washington, and drive from it every Black Republican who is a dweller there.

"From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington city at all and every human hazard. The filthy cage of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified by fire. The people are determined upon it, and are clamorous for a leader to conduct them to the onslaught. That leader will assuredly arise, aye, and that right speedily.

"It is not to be endured that this flight of Abolition harpies shall come down from the black North for their roosts in the heart of the South, to defile and brutalize the land. They come as our enemies—they act as our most deadly foes—they promise us bloodshed and fire, and this is the only promise they have ever redeemed. The fanatical yell for the immediate subjugation of the whole South is going up hourly from the united voices of all the North; and for the purpose of making their work sure, they have determined to hold Washington city as the point from whence to carry on their brutal warfare.

"Our people can take it—they will take it—and Scott, the arch-traitor, and Lincoln, the Beast, combined, cannot prevent it. The just indignation of an outraged and deeply injured people will teach the Illinois Ape to repeat his race, and retrace his journey across the borders of the free negro States still more rapidly than he came; and Scott, the traitor, will be given an opportunity at the same time to try the difference between 'Scott's tactics' and the Shanghae drill for quick movements.

"Great cleansing and purification are needed and will be given to that festering sink of iniquity, that wallow of Lincoln and Scott—the desecrated city of Washington—and many indeed will be the carcasses of dogs and caitiffs that will blacken the air upon the gallows before the great work is accomplished. So let it be."

FORT PICKENS.

The Mobile *Tribune* says that Gen. Bragg had made all his arrangements for taking Fort Pickens on the night of April 12th, having bribed the sentinels clear to the gate; but Mr. Mathews, a correspondent of the Pensacola *Observer*, betrayed the plan, informed the fleet and fort, and frustrated the movement. Mathews was arrested as a spy and sent to Montgomery. The fortress was reinforced on the very night fixed for its capture, and now the rebels despair of taking it. A gentleman, lately returned to Chicago from a business tour through Alabama and Mississippi, reports that hundreds of men who had gone to Pensacola to take Fort Pickens were returning home daily, disgusted, and satisfied that it is impossible for the Confederate States to capture the fort. Large numbers of the troops at Pensacola were sick and dying, and in hospitals from the effects of fatigue, exposure and hunger. The people of Alabama and Mississippi were almost crazy with excitement, and the mob spirit was rampant everywhere, and growing daily more desperate in some localities, by threatened famine and starvation.

VIRGINIA.

The Old Dominion has joined the *Jeff. Davis* Confederacy, the arrangement only requiring to be ratified by a vote of the people, which is to be given on the 23d inst. The State authorities meanwhile assume that the State is out of the Union, and as the opponents of the measure are effectually overawed by a Reign of Terror, there is no doubt that in Eastern Virginia nearly all who vote on the question will vote for secession; but, as we have said elsewhere, it is believed that Western Virginia will stand by the North. East of the Blue Ridge the people are in open rebellion. Richmond is crowded by a "military mob" of volunteers, unskilled and undisciplined, and wholly unprovided for. There are over 10,000 of them in Richmond; the State is supporting them, and must continue to do so, or else send them home disgusted; and the expense to the treasury and the needless consumption of provisions is enormous. The most trying feature in the whole case is, that among the 10,000 volunteers in Richmond, there are not 2,000 members; so it is the most harmless army that ever a State was compelled to support.

Norfolk and Portsmouth are completely under martial law. Handbills are stuck up requiring every man subject to militia duty to hold himself in readiness to answer any call. Negro men found in the streets are impressed and led off, without leave, to work at the batteries. Over a hundred bales of cotton have been taken from Norfolk warehouses and removed to the batteries for breastworks.

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

It is unquestionable that the people of the South relied with confidence upon their political friends at the North to afford them aid in money, arms and men. They felt sure that the North would be divided, and that the "Black Republicans" alone would be willing to fight them. There is evidence that they counted upon 30,000 to 50,000 men to rally to their standard from New York city alone. They believed that no troops would be allowed to go from Massachusetts through New York to defend Washington. They got this idea from Bennett's *Herald*. They expected help from the West also. The New Orleans *True Delta*, after seeing the President's proclamation, said: "With the West for allies and friends we have nothing to fear; with its people against us, actively, the contest would be gloomy and doubtful indeed. A very few days must determine, definitely, who are to be the parties in the conflict as yet uncommenced in blood, and whether those to whom we are attached by the most powerful of natural ties will stand aloof from us in the war which is to follow." Maryland, too, was expected to stand by the South and interpose an effectual barrier to the passage of troops for the defence of Washington. How important this was esteemed, the following extract from the Richmond *Examiner* penned at the moment when it was supposed that Maryland had actually gone with the South, will show:

"To have gained Maryland is to have gained a host. It insures Washington city, and the ignominious expulsion of Lincoln and his body-guard of Kansas cut-throats from the White House. It makes good the words of Secretary Walker at Montgomery in regard to the Federal metropolis. It transfers the line of battle from the Potomac to the Pennsylvania border. It proclaims to the North that, except abolitionized Delaware, the South is a unit against them, not only in this conflict which they have so wantonly and foolishly commenced, but henceforth—forever. It gives us the entire waters of the Chesapeake. It runs up the Southern seaboard to the mouth of the Delaware. It rounds out the fairest domain on the globe for the Southern Confederation."

"The South could not have spared Maryland. Her territory, her waters, her slaves, her people, her soldiers, her sailors, her ship-builders, her machinists, her wealth, enterprise and bravery were all essential to it."

This tone of exultation is now changed to bitter lamentation. Maryland has not seceded, and it is perfectly clear that she will not be permitted to do so. Hence, all the hopes built upon the assumption that she would join the rebels are turned to disappointment.

Southern men who have witnessed the uprising of the Northern people at the call of the President are utterly dumb-founded. An Alabama man, after witnessing the enthusiasm in Philadelphia, said that he had never dreamed of such a state of things as he saw there. All who come from the South agree that no adequate idea of what is the real nature of the case exists anywhere in that section. A New York letter-writer says that a New Orleans citizen burst into tears, in utter amazement, when he reached the metropolis last week, exclaiming, "*We are a whipped people!* We had no idea of this unanimity of the North!"

As an illustration of the disappointment and rage felt at the South in view of the course pursued by those whom she so confidently relied upon as her friends, read the following article:

From The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

Of all the execrable spots on the American continent, the city of New York bears off the palm. Sodom, to which, on account of its horrible profligacy of morals, it has often been likened, had in it at least one man who stood by his principles amid an unclean and accursed generation. If New York has one, he has not the courage to let his voice be heard. We could not have believed, nothing could have persuaded us, that the city of New York, which had been enriched by Southern trade, and had ever professed to be true to the Constitution and the South, would in one day be converted into our bitterest enemy, panting for our blood, fitting out fleets and armies, and raising millions for our destruction. It seems to us incredible—impossible; we can scarcely believe even now, that a whole community can, with one consent, be transformed from men to devils, and all because Fort Sumter, a fort in a Southern harbor, was deprived by Southern citizens, without spilling a drop of blood, of its power to assail and destroy an innocent and unoffending people.

It is unnatural, it is monstrous, it seems to be a miracle of Satan's own working, this hideous and unparalleled transformation. And yet, it is only the falling of a veil, which hypocrisy had thrown over the face of the most intense selfishness and greed, and other evil passions of the human heart. New York has become, in wealth and magnificence, as well as vice, the Babylon of the New World, and the stream which feeds her affluence, her pomp, her pride, and luxury, flows from the South. The fear that this stream will be diverted has crushed out in her heart all vestiges of gratitude, delicacy and honor, and she has nerved herself for any crime and outrage against God and man which will secure her hold of the section which has hitherto been the chief tributary to her trade and commerce. In this infernal hardness of heart she is the more fixed and resolute because her population are supposed to be in no personal danger, and she can carry on in perfect security to herself the work of ruin, death and destruction to others.

Were we to illustrate by example the unparalleled perfidy and vileness of New York, we could fill a volume, but we need only speak at present of a case which suggests itself to every man's mind—the Seventh regiment. The hospitality they received here appeared to fill them with enthusiasm. At the festive board and over flowing bumpers, they poured forth the warmest protestations of gratitude, and vowed and swore that never should their arms be turned against Virginia; but that, in her hour of peril, they would rush to her rescue. And how have they redeemed that promise and fulfilled that pledge. By leading the way in the monstrous wickedness of that war upon our homes and firesides which the Black Republican pirate at Washington has begun. When we heard the report that these wretches had been cut to pieces in Maryland, we hoped most devoutly that it was true. We would prefer the annihilation of that regiment even to that of Massachusetts soldiers. A man can't help being born on Cape Cod or "down East," but he can help enjoying your hospitality and then trying to cut your throat. The Seventh regiment knows the way to Richmond. Let them come here once more, and, for their city's sake and their own, they shall have such a reception as they deserve.

One more illustration is furnished by the conservative press. But yesterday denouncing the sectional government of Lincoln as one which the South could not and would not submit to, it is to-day echoing the war-cry of Greeley with an uproar that almost drowns the voice of their new leader.

THE REBEL ARMY—ANARCHY AND MOB LAW.

A Rochester gentleman, who left Montgomery on the 23d ult., states that Jeff. Davis, on that day, issued an order for the troops of that State to concentrate at Opelika, Ala., from whence they were to start to-day (26th) for Lynchburg, Va. Those from Georgia were to move for the same point.

A gentleman lately from New Orleans states that the whole country between Jackson, Tenn., and New Orleans was in arms. At every station along the road companies were seen drilling. They appeared destitute of arms, using old muskets, shot-guns and rifles. The telegraph line was in the hands of the Secessionists, and not permitted to give information as to the movement of troops. The leading Secessionists at New Orleans were in hourly expectation of news of the capture of Washington. The North was to have no more news until the Treasury at Washington was in the hands of the Confederate troops, and President Lincoln and Cabinet prisoners. All the troops, except those at Fort Pickens, were rapidly moving North.

Passengers from the South report that troops are being raised at Memphis, Randolph, and other Southern points. Their plan is to proceed by railroad to Columbus, Ky., and from there march to Cairo, attacking it from the opposite side of the river.

Another traveller says: "I passed through Montgomery on the 23d, at which time President Davis was making active preparations for his attack on Washington. I passed, en route, volunteer troops from Alabama and Georgia, destined for Richmond. They passed through Augusta, where they received their arms and equipments. Gen. Bonham, of Tennessee, was at Montgomery, completing arrangements for sending two thousand Tennesseans, in citizens' dress, to Baltimore and Washington, to secretly operate in the attack near Washington. The Confederate States are in a State of anarchy. Rioting prevailed. Thinking people are now disbanding and the country in danger of mob law. People are shipping themselves at every opportunity to escape from the country. I escaped only with my life by assuming a disguise. Numerous outrages on Northern travellers have recently fallen under my notice."

A gentleman who left Columbia, S. C., on the 22d ult., says: At Columbia, all business has been closed for two weeks past, and every person who can bear arms is a soldier. Besides the citizens of Columbia, there are 2,500 militia from the mountain regions in that place. They are of all ages, sizes and characters, without uniforms, except blankets, and are unarmed, except about 400. The Butler Guards, a rifle corps, numbering 100 men, are well-conditioned troops, and make a fine appearance. These troops have been accumulating since about the time Fort Sumter was evacuated. At the same time 1,400 unarmed men passed down to Charleston. Their provisions consisted of bread and bacon. In Charleston they have had nothing for three weeks past except hard biscuits and bacon. Much complaint was made by the soldiers on account of the treatment they received from the commanding officers. Col. Gregg was particularly obnoxious to the troops, and they refused to move toward Virginia under his (Gregg's) command. At Columbia the soldiers are quartered in the unoccupied buildings in the upper part of the town. Their homespun clothing and coarse shoes indicate that they were recruits from the poorest class of the population. Each man is provided with a canteen, which is kept well filled with whiskey, and it is no uncommon sight to see them lying about intoxicated.

Another gentleman, just returned from Columbia to the North, represents that a shocking condition of affairs exists in South Carolina. All males from 16 to 60 years of age are compelled to go into the army, and many of the soldiers are Northern men, "who have no stomach for the fight," but have been forced into the ranks.

SABLE CLOUDS.

We have accounts from various parts of the South showing that the people are in constant fear of insurrections of the slaves. A gentleman who lived some time at Columbia, S. C., says: "Every citizen is out on patrol duty one night in each week to guard against insurrection of the slaves. This has been kept up since January. All slaves have to be in at bell-ringing—a quarter to nine o'clock—on penalty of going to the guard-house, and receiving a whipping in the morning. Since secession they are required to be in an hour earlier than before." Another gentleman from South Carolina says: "The slaves understand very clearly the events that are in progress, and they cause much uneasiness among the people. They are closely watched, and most of the South Carolina soldiers object very strongly to leaving the State for the purpose of marching North, saying that they wanted to stay in the State and protect it." A letter, says *The Times*, has just been "received from the wife of Bishop Polk, of Louisiana. She, with her family of three daughters, was alone in their new house at Sewanee, Tennessee. On the night of the 12th of April their house was burned over *their heads by negroes*. At the same time the residence of Bishop Elliot was fired also. The ladies escaped with some few trifling injuries, but lost almost all their clothes. Books, jewelry, pictures, all were destroyed by the devouring flames. Their own family servants were faithful, the men aiding in extinguishing the fire, the women bringing their Sunday clothes to dress their mistresses. But although those immediately round them were loyal, they have no doubt of much dissatisfaction among the slaves." Senator Clingman, while speaking lately from the balcony of the Charleston Hotel, was interrupted by an announcement "that three hundred slaves in Hamburg, Edgefield District, had commenced an insurrection, and that the town had only a few persons—mostly the parents of a company of soldiers in Charleston—to defend it. The report created the utmost feeling and excitement among the people, and troops were called for to suppress the rising of the negroes." A correspondent of Bennett's *Herald*, after travelling extensively at the South, writes: "It will be but a few months before the Southern republic is in a state of anarchy. The nervousness of the great planters is observable to the more intelligent slaves, and a general uprising of the slaves, where a seasonable opportunity may occur, is looked upon with alarm." The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "At Memphis, on Sunday, seven negroes were arrested while suspiciously consulting together in the outskirts of that city. On the day previous, a furious negro woman was taken into custody while flourishing a pistol, and declaring that she was a 'Black Republican.' These are but specimens of more than twenty similar facts related in our Southern exchanges." Trustworthy accounts say that whole families of slaves are crossing into Adams, York and Franklin Counties in Pennsylvania. A report places the total loss of slaves by Maryland since the troubles began at five hundred. Great fears are entertained in the border counties of Maryland of the departure of the entire slave population. While there is no talk of arming the slaves, there are reports of the enrolment of free colored men. The Richmond *Examiner* says that "thirty-two worthy free negroes" of that city, having "offered their services," were "sent in to the Captain of the Woodis Riflemen." *The Enquirer* of the same city says: "Free negroes in Amelia County have offered themselves to the government for any service. In our neighboring city of Petersburg, two hundred free negroes offered for any work that might be assigned to them, either to fight under white officers, dig ditches, or anything that could show their desire to serve Old Virginia. In the same city, a negro hackman came to his master, and insisted, with tears in his eyes, that he should accept all his savings, $100, to help equip the volunteers. The free negroes of Chesterfield have made a similar proposition. Such is the spirit, among bond and free, through the whole of the State." The poor colored men are, no doubt, *forced* to take part in a war waged for their own more complete degradation! The slaveholders are just mean enough to avail themselves of this means to swell their army.

FLEEING TO THE NORTH.

Thousands of Northern people, who have managed to stay at the South hitherto, are now fleeing toward the North Star. The whole slave region is under a Reign of Terror, and the life of no man is safe who breathes a word against the mob, or fails to give an earnest support to the traitors. Many who are expelled leave property—houses, lands and goods—to be confiscated, thankful if they can save the lives of themselves and their families. The tales told by some of these fugitives reveal a state of society more like that of Sodom than anything else. Nor is it Northern people alone who are fleeing in terror from the South. Thousands of Southern women—the wives and daughters of slaveholders—are rushing to the North to escape the terrible dangers which environ their homes! What a lesson for those who have maintained that slave society is superior to free—that the South is the abode of peace and safety, while the North is exposed to mobocratic turbulence!

A merchant of this city, who lately left Wilmington, N. C., says: "The forced enlistment of men—Northern strangers as well as citizens—is going on rapidly. Our informant escaped by stealth. Having heard accidentally that his name was on the roll of those who were to be called into service on the next day (Tuesday), he, accompanied by his wife, stated his intention of going to the depôt to bid good-bye to some of his Southern friends who were leaving. By this ruse he managed to get on the train. Keeping himself secreted from the rebel spies who thronged the cars until he was far beyond Wilmington, he managed to evade their vigilance, and after a protracted journey reached home in safety."

A gentleman from Columbia, S. C., says: "Suspected persons are seized at night by a mob, taken over the bridge and whipped. They are then released, to escape the best way they can. One man, who came down from Virginia last Fall, who let drop an imprudent remark, was taken up and whipped with 370 lashes. In the evening he was taken to the guard-house, where he was confined during the night, and in the morning he was shipped off. A rumor prevailed, and was generally believed, that the man died from the effects of the flagellation. More than a dozen persons have been thus whipped inside of a month."

The Virginian, says a correspondent of the *Times*, since the ordinance of secession, are manifesting the same hellish spirit. No Northern man is to be permitted to stay within the borders, or pollute the sacred soil of that State. To their other exalted attributes, the first families are now adding for themselves a reputation for murder and stealing. Many negroes, or thieves from their homes without a trial or a notification, and invariably robbed of their property. A family of Northerners reached this city yesterday afternoon, utterly destitute, who in the journey were surrounded by all the comforts and luxury of the luxuries of life. Two men from Putnam County, New York, who have been living in Charlotte, were both kind-hearted, having been forced to leave; and a gentleman, named Boine, from Massachusetts, called on me yesterday afternoon, who had but one hour allowed him to depart from a home that he had occupied for eleven years. His wife was absent at the time, and he was not allowed even the privilege of writing a word to her, to tell why he fled and left or where he had gone. Is not there a refinement of cruelty that no Northern desperado could ever hope to accomplish?

Meanwhile, thousands of Secessionists dwell in safety in this and other Northern cities, no one molesting or making them afraid—still less requiring them to fight for the North.

PRIVATEERS.

It is believed that if the Southern ports are not very soon blockaded, the Atlantic coast will swarm with privateers to prey upon Northern commerce. Many vessels are said to be waiting only for their piratical letters of "marque and reprisal" to be signed by the rebel authorities.

VARIOUS FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

Caleb Cushing, the most unscrupulous doughface in all New England, and who stood by the South as long as he could do so with safety to his neck, has declared himself in favor of sustaining the government.

Miss Dorothea Dix is in Washington, and has offered her services as a nurse, whenever her assistance can be made to promote the comfort of the wounded or ailing. She proposes to organize a band of nurses.

Some New England and Western women have absolutely refused to leave Washington, determined, since they cannot bear arms themselves, to aid and comfort those who are to do the fighting.

Fugitive slaves are reported to have passed through Philadelphia in considerable numbers since the war broke out in Maryland. There is no need of their going to the Queen's dominions now. They may dwell with us "in the place where it liketh them best."

Ropes are said to be hanging from the lamp-posts in Philadelphia, labelled "Death to Traitors!" They will unquestionably be used when needed.

Four young men arrived at this port from Savannah on the 23d ult., in the steamer Florida, having secreted themselves on the vessel in order to escape from that city. One of them states that every Northern man capable of bearing arms is pressed into the rebel army, under penalty of $100 fine and imprisonment in the common jail. Many Northern citizens were desirous of escaping, but were unable to do so for the lack of means, and many had been compelled to take service in the army or starve.

Four hundred Kentuckians lately crossed over to Indiana, almost in a body and enlisted for the Stars and Stripes. A wealthy planter in Tennessee sent four of his sons for the same purpose.

Andrew Johnson, United States Senator from Tennessee, passed through Lynchburg on the 21st, on his way from Washington to Tennessee. A large crowd assembled and groaned at him. They offered every indignity, including pulling his nose. Every effort was made to take him off the cars. The demonstration was first suggested by Tennesseeans. Great difficulty was experienced in restraining the populace.

Parson Brownlow of Tennessee says: "*If* it shall so happen, in the progress of affairs, that the authorities of the land shall give us our choice, and submit the same to us as an *ultimatum*, either to go to h— or take refuge in the Southern Confederacy, we will claim a week to consider of the matter, and to make up our mind, as between the two evils."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton has written to her husband in this city, that their two eldest sons, Daniel Cady Stanton, and Henry B. Stanton, Jr., have, with her approbation, volunteered for the war, and that she regrets that her three youngest sons are not old enough to follow the example of their brothers. Mrs. Stanton is the grand-daughter of Col. Livingston, of

Miscellaneous Department.

HYMNS FOR THE TIMES.*

I.

THERE'S a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close;
Blest the bold who dare engage!
Woe for him who seeks repose!

Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.

What our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;

Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age.

On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies, his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

II.

Lord, once our faith in man no fear could move;
Now save it from despair!
The trial comes; strengthen the might of love:
Father, thou hearest prayer!

Thou hearest: and we hear, above this din,
Thy blessed word sound clear:
"I pur. e this land from slavery and sin;
The reign of heaven draws near."

Oh, never falter! peace must come by pain;
Heaven is not found, but won;
Hold the dark angel till he moulds again
The peace he hath undone.

We know not, Lord, what storms and trials strong
Must work our world's new birth:
But we will toil, with this for working song—
"Peace to the weary earth!"

* Sung in Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, April 21st, when Mr. Phillips delivered his Discourse upon the War.

FRANCE UNDER BONAPARTISM.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard:

I HAVE said that the moral level of the French people had lowered; that it was higher under the Restoration, Louis Philippe, or the last Republic. One remarkable sign is, that no books on philosophy or morals are published, but the number of licentious works is very great, also the number of novels, and pamphlets on passing politics, these last always praising the wisdom, the moderation, and the patriotism of the Emperor. The very men who were, twenty years ago, the declared lovers of freedom and progress—the Socialists, the Saint Simonians, the Fourierists, and the Communists, etc., shine now among the most extravagant of the eulogists. The Emperor spends a part of his enormous income in paying a whole army of little writers in prose and verse who extol him continually in the newspapers and small publications. Comparing the present state of things with any past in the history of France, we must say she has never before been so servile, so Janissarist a body.

At all other epochs, those proscribed for political reasons found some pity and asylum. Indeed, it was a *point d'honneur*, a pious action, to hide and save political outlaws, even at the risk of life and fortune. Political crimes were never considered by the mass of the people as sins. Now, this kind of generosity has entirely disappeared from the French people. Woe to the proscribed! He is chased like a mad dog; policemen, *gendarmes*, soldiers, and judges hunt him. Priests, workmen, landed men of estate, all men and women denounce him, and this not because he is a dangerous person, but simply because he is an enemy to the ruler of France. The French are always a clever people, and know well how to please, even how to anticipate the wishes of the ruler.

At all other times in the history of France there have been an immense number of light political publications, critical and satirical, which reached the public without the authors or distributors being punished. Now, every person who writes or speaks against Bonaparte is denounced. I believe that above a fourth part of the population of the large towns have turned spies and informers against the enemies of the Emperor.

If you examine the present state of the arts, you will observe a base tendency. In painting, the only subjects that will sell are naked women, *bacchantes*, and battle pictures. Under the Restoration, France boasted of a noble art, and had its orators, historians, and poets. Manuel, General Foy, Casimir, Perier, Cousin, Villemain, Lamartine, Thiers, Thierry, Pradier, David, and a host of others, who raised the moral and intellectual level of France. Under Louis Philippe and the Republic many others have increased the phalanx; republic[illegible] and many others have increased the phalanx; republicans (in the true sense) and good doctors of free thinkers (in the true sense) and ——Bonapartism what do you find? Nothing but servility and a universal degeneracy of the French intelligence. Here are some signs: a statue has been erected in honor of Marshal Ney, a traitor and a liar; a pension is paid to the heirs of Cantillon, the man who endeavored to assassinate Wellington; we saw, after the *coup d'état*, generals receiving large sums, the soldiers presents of money, tobacco, and brandy. The men of the press used their pens to slander the vanquished Republican party, and six hundred thousand public officials turned their energies to persecute, transport, or imprison them. A greater crime was never committed in France, a crime against justice, against law, and against a vanquished minority. This was the *coup d'état*. To find a parallel in history, you must look at your continent, at Hayti, the acts of Soulouque when he became Emperor.

Bonaparte has imitated the negro. Read the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, 1859, you will see the perfect similitude. A gang of desperadoes, of civilian and military traducers and robbers, were made the partners and associates in the French Vandoux of the French Emperor. The crime will go unpunished with respect to Bonaparte and his accomplices. He will not be sent into exile like Soulouque, but he will continue to enjoy the highest if not the happiest position in the world, but France will certainly suffer; because it has tolerated such a crime, a foreign, perhaps even a civil war, will devour it, and if so, it will be retributive justice.

Egotism is the sole motive of the acts and policy of Bonaparte. He made the *coup d'état* to enjoy life: the Crimean war, because the Emperor Nicholas called him an adventurer, a bastard, a *parvenu*, and had interfered to prevent his marriage with a German princess. He made the Italian war to avoid his assassination by the Italian Carbonari. Pianori and Orsini have declared that several hundreds of Carbonari would attempt again and again his assassination so long as this Emperor now, but once himself a *conspirie* and Carbonari, should do nothing for Italy.

He dislikes wealthy men, for with their fortunes they are, in a manner, independent of him; but above all, he dislikes and fears men of a strong moral character, for they are able to rouse up the public conscience and show the people that the empire is but a vast system of quackery.

Some of the best Liberals have died—as Cavagnac, Leon Faucher, Ary Scheffer and De Tocqueville—despairing of the future, and seeing nothing but gloom for the liberties of their country. Others, among whom are some of the writers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are threatened with expulsion from France; others are prosecuted in law suits. The Representatives, even, are menaced if they too frankly condemn the government, and all remember that Algeria and Guyana are ever ready to poison new victims with their miasma. When the government cannot rule by corruption it tries terror, and succeeds.

There is a great gun, loaded to the muzzle, pointed now towards Spain, now towards Italy, or Switzerland or Belgium, or Austria, Prussia, or England: it must, by necessity, be discharged on some one. Its name is *Bonapartism*; it is composed of 600,000 soldiers, 680,000 government officials, and some millions of people. How is it the neighbors of France do not understand their danger? It is morally and physically certain that this gun will be discharged on one of them. How long will they remain in this improvident security?

They should combine efforts and dismount this gun. Yes, the first duty of European nations is to form a coalition against Bonapartism. It has 600,000 soldiers, 70,000 sailors, and at any time it can triple this amount. Europe must keep two millions of soldiers ready to attack France the moment she invades any of her neighbors. This coalition should be publicly made. If France herself likes to remain prostrate under the feet of this man, let her lie; but do not let her attack the peace of her neighbors. Remember always that Bonapartism exists by destruction and corruption? that it is the most dangerous enemy of modern civilization—the incarnation of the evil principle.

NOTE.—The first Bonaparte destroyed, from the year 1800 to 1815, for his own pleasure, 2,400,000 Frenchmen and about 4,800,000 Europeans. His successor has destroyed 250,000 Frenchmen, 300,000 Russians, Austrians and Italians, 40,000 Arabs in Algeria and Morocco, and some thousand Chinese. He will soon reach his million of murdered men. This Bonapartism affirmed by the mouth of the first Bonaparte, and also by the acts of the 1st and 3d of this name, that "Mankind is made up of two classes, those who dupe and those who are duped—an honest man is a simpleton; in human actions there is neither good nor evil; men are but herds of hogs; young men are but food for cannon, and women machines for making children; lying is the first duty of a government; religions are vaccinations against superstitions; destruction by war is a remedy against excess of population; speech is given to man to conceal his thought."

When the first Bonaparte entered France he had 6 francs; when he became Emperor he had an income of twenty millions of francs a year, and even after his fall he held eight millions of francs. The third Bonaparte has now an income of thirty-five millions. When he was President he had more than a million of debt. And this man is no Bonaparte at all, but the son of Queen Hortense and Admiral Verhuel.

LIFE IN ILLINOIS.

From The (London) Once a Week.

LIKE most other American citizens who are engaged in business, I have had opportunities of seeing how people live in the Northwest, now that it is so well settled and populous as to aspire to furnishing a President. It was before Mr. Lincoln was a candidate that I was in Illinois; but it was since that state of affairs arose which caused Mr. Lincoln to be a candidate.

After a visit to my Alabama relations, I went, as the shortest way in time, to New Orleans, in order to ascend the Mississippi. I went to St. Louis to see certain commercial correspondents; and there I heard enough about Kansas to be prepared for any political convulsion that could be brought about by regiments of ruffians, collected together to hang and ruin the free settlers who dared to desire that slavery should not be introduced into their territory. The voyage up the Mississippi had been spoiled by the presence of a company of these fellows. The were "mean whites," recruited for this service in the cotton States; furnished with arms and a Bible each; plied with drink and a few dollars, and sent away, after prayers on parade, to strengthen the border ruffians of Missouri in preventing popular election taking place in Kansas, and in making the settlers from the Eastern States sick of their enterprise. I will not describe these wretches further than by saying that they were gambling all day and all night, and drinking and swearing while they gamed; that they tried by intimidation to borrow money of the other passengers when they had lost their last dollar; and that the captain of the steamer privately engaged some of his respectable passengers to watch in turn, day and night, against arson or other mischief from the desperate gang. They found me out for a Northern man; and my refusal to lend money, when I had no more than enough with me for my own expenses, raised great enmity against me. I had not been a day in St. Louis before I found myself an object of attention—just as I had been at Charleston. It was reported that I was there to provide for the passage through Missouri of "a lot of d—d Yankees," with their wagons and farm stock. To this it was presently added that I was awaiting the arrival of some packages of Sharpe's rifles, sent by "d—d anti-galling saints and parsons," to enable the Kansas settlers to hold their ground, live on the land they had bought, and manage their own affairs. As it happened, I knew no settler, had nothing to do with Sharpe's rifles, and held no commission from saint or parson: but I made no secret of my opinion, when it was asked, that law-abiding citizens have a right to live on their own land in their own way, without molestation from strangers; and to vote as they think proper, without having to run the gauntlet of any armed banditti, only to discover at last that the ballot boxes had been filled with fictitious votes in the night, or openly burned with their contents in broad day. I also said, when asked, that I did not think it hospitable to demand of an Englishman who was on board whether he ever saw so free a country, and to threaten to shoot him when his answer was not a flattering one. Being pressed, he said that there were countries in which any man might say what he thought on any subject without unpleasant consequences; and that such countries were practically more free than the Mississippi valley. For this he was threatened with lynching in one form or another: and it was a real relief when we saw him steam away up the Ohio, instead of attempting to explore any part of Missouri. My opinion of the manners of his examiners put me in almost equal danger; but a single day sufficed for my business at St. Louis: I baffled all inquiries about the length of my stay, and the direction my travels would next take: and the ferry had landed me in Illinois early the next morning, while my critics were persuaded that I should proceed to Kansas after plotting abolitionism for a week at St. Louis. My correspondent there wrote to me afterwards that those gallant Southerners were openly boasting that they had set scouts along the roads to Kansas who would have prevented my passing the frontier, and who were still on the look-out for the boxes of arms which I was supposed to be forwarding to the Kansas farmers.

At Alton, in Illinois, I saw the door of the printing house from which Lovejoy, the martyr, looked forth when he was shot, on that night in 1837, when he had sustained a siege all day after his press and types had been thrown into the Mississippi, and he had refused to promise to drop his newspaper, and to leave the place. He foretold that he should free the town, and perhaps the State. He did free the State. His brother is now among the staunch supporters of liberty of speech and the press in Congress; and the State has furnished the first Free Soil President. I was a boy when Dr. Channing obtained a public meeting at Boston in honor of Lovejoy the martyr—formerly a citizen of Massachusetts, and thereby entitled to this tribute on the part of his fellow-workers in behalf of the liberty of the press. I well remember the countenance and voice of the venerable divine, when he moved the resolutions framed in concert with the best men in Boston. It was a critical hour for freedom in the leading State of the Union; and many youths besides myself received then the inspiration on behalf of liberty of conscience which will now, I trust, guide and conquer in this our great day of revolution. The frail form, the quiet bearing, the countenance, at once stern and serene, and the gentle and moving voice, awoke the citizen soul in many that day; and thus, after he has been dead nearly twenty years, Dr. Channing is one of the leaders in the second American revolution.

These things were in my mind as I was travelling over the Illinois prairies, intensely enjoying the sense of liberty as I looked over the wide green landscape, breathing freely, and moving in security over the territory which, like all other American territory, is declared by the Constitution to be free to all the citizens of the Union, to go to and fro. Dr. Channing had by law this right: yet, after that meeting, there were half the States of the Union in which he could never more set his foot. This was the bitter thought which spoiled much of the pleaure of that journey—that such a man could not have come out alive from any attempt to use his constitutional right of visiting every part of his native country. From such a fact revolution was sure to arise, sooner or later: and now the day has come.

I was on my way to visit an old schoolfellow who had married in New England, and gone to the West to found a family and fortune. I passed through Springfield, where I must have seen the modest dwelling in which Mr. Lincoln received the news of his election to the Presidency in the most critical time of the Republic—the most critical since Washington bade farewell to Congress, and retired to Mount Vernon. Time will show whether the plain lawyer's house at Springfield will become a second Mount Vernon, where pilgrims will go to honor the memory of the founder of a regenerated Republic. No one can foresee whether this will happen, or whether it is too much to expect that such a deed should be repeated in the same country in the course of a single century; but it can be no wonder that those who have carelessly passed that dwelling should strive to recall its aspect, and be glad to have seen it, however unconsciously.

My friend Harry Dana's farm lay some few miles north of the railroad to Chicago. It was near sunset when I got out at the station; and it took some time to get a country wagon in which to finish my journey; but I resolved to proceed, being assured that I could reach my destination by ten o'clock. I have never lost the impression of that first trip over the prairies. As long as there was light enough, the green bottoms within the windings of the river, and the grassy hills, belted with wood, were enchanting. As the twilight thickened we came out on more level ground; and the dim expanse, at the edge of which the stars rose on the one hand and set on the other, made a magical scene to New England eyes. A sudden light in the northern sky almost put out the stars in that quarter; and presently we had such an aurora as I never saw before or since. I have seen more than one as bright; but never such definite forms as the rays assumed. A great column of them gradually spread out and over at the top, not far from the zenith, till they presented the appearance of a vast silvery wheat-sheaf, contracting and expanding, growing dim and brightening, while capricious lights frolicked all about it, so that I was not surprised when my driver told me that his children thought, when they looked out from their beds, that the angels were at play when their days' errands were done. Here and there we caught a gleam of the river, between its dark turns. When we passed near a clump of trees a few fireflies rained off from the sprays. Their pale green sparks were soon put out by a red glare, at some distance to the right of our course. (I cannot call it a road, as we were passing over grass, with intervals of swamp, when our wheels seethed through the water). The light came from a huge fire on the ground; and between it and us there was a black figure of a man, pacing to and fro till the sound of our vehicle made him turn and peer in our direction. I at once thought of the slave coffles I had seen on the other side of the Ohio, and supposed the man to be a slave-trader; but a moment's reflection showed me that we were out of the range of that kind of traffic: and so my driver said, "We have no such doings here, we live in a free State. I guess them are emigrants."

It was a party of emigrants on their way to Kansas. There was a desire for a parley on both sides. I was curious; and the watcher was anxious to learn whether his way was well open—what the next twenty miles of road were like, and also what o'clock it was. While we talked, a score of heads rose up from the wagons which were ranged at the back of the fire; and two or three men looked out from the lean-to below the wagons. They were not going by St. Louis. They meant to cross the Mississippi higher up, and keep clear of the Missouri frontier: but they had to explore their way as they went. My good-natured driver gave them some appropriate advice, counselled them to keep their arms loaded, and to put on a bold face if anybody should interfere with them on the other side of the river, and assured them they had nothing to fear in his State. They had better cross the river as early in the morning as they could, and carry provisions, so as to avoid observation from the whites, and inspire respect in any Indians they might chance to meet. A female voice from behind asked whether the fire might not bring down the Indians upon their camp: but she was assured that there would be more danger in darkness; and too much discomfort to the watchers, and delay in the morning about getting breakfast; and so we bade them a very good night. My driver observed that there were burnt spots here and there all over the Illinois plains, from the number of emigrant camps that year. Many thousands must have gone to Kansas over that particular prairie.

Once more in the dark we went at a footpace, my driver watching for landmarks where I could see nothing. On the skirts of the firelight we had seen a prairie wolf crossing our path, and now my attention was called by the whip to something which was trotting beside the wagon. It was a black bear, which soon disappeared. The time seemed getting very long when a yellow speck appeared in the distance—whether far or near I could not tell. It was my friend's house—not far off, I was told—but there was the river between.

I was advised to look for the footbridge, which was somewhere near; for there was no saying what the state of the ford might be. I might get wet or be drowned. I should bear the wagon come up on the other side, if it got through; and if not, I must make the best of my way to the light yonder before it went out.

I never before groped for a bridge in a strange country when all alone. I should never have found it but for the wax candle I always carry in travelling. The night was so still that I could light and carry it behind my cap. Thus I found the track, and then the double plank and rail; and thus I escaped falling into the deep rushing river, where, in the middle, the footway was reduced to a single plank which carried no rail. I almost wished I had stuck to the ford; and the more when, arrived on the further bank, I could see no light in the distance, and hear nothing of the wagon. I had to amuse myself with the rustle of night birds, and the distant bark of a dog for a time which seemed endless. I had put out my candle as a reserve in case of further dangers. After awhile I began to shout, but got no response. The jingle and creak of the wagon reached my ears at last, but from the wrong side. My comrade had failed at the first ford, and had had to try back for another, and he guessed it was now not far from midnight; so Dana's lights might well be out. It was, in fact, past midnight; but not the less was there a welcome for us both. Dana was up and active in a moment, and neither men nor horse went supperless to bed.

During the last half mile, I had had an impression that we were on a rising ground; and, as soon as I looked from my window in the morning, I saw that it was even so. And such a rising ground! The dwelling stood on a terrace which extended to an unknown distance on either hand, with such regularity of height and such perfection of level that it seemed to have been formed by rule and measure. It was richly grassed; and it descended to the prairie below by a grassy slope of about sixty feet. How level the prairie was, was shown by the prodigious extent that was commanded by this elevation of sixty feet. Where the blue and brimming river wound between belts of noble trees, those trees bounded the view; and in other parts clumps of forest trees screened the horizon: but there were wide intervals in which the range of vision was free till the haze of distance confounded the earth and sky. As far as one could distinguish colors from the grass, the prairie was a perfect garden of bloom. During the week that I passed at Dana's, when we were seldom within doors during the day, we lived among such wild flowers as I had never seen before.

There was white convolvulus trailing everywhere, with blossoms as large as my hand; scarlet lilies; the pink and white moccason flower; the American primrose, ground ivy, scabious, and strawberry blossoms still, though the fruit was ripe. Every morning, on rising, I saw the children below, some with tin cans, gathering strawberries up to the very house-walls; and below the slope, they could pick enough for the family breakfast in the space of a few yards. Moreover, they were larger and sweeter strawberries than our New England gardens yield. One child was playing with a spotted fawn which he had tamed; and another was coming in with a basketful of eggs, which he had been hunting up among the tall weeds.

What a contrast was all this to the Mississippi steamboat, with its constraint and disorder, and disgust and danger! What a contrast to St. Louis, where repose and ease seemed to be unknown! What days I should have here, I thought—in the free air, and amidst this glorious beauty, and far away from social troubles and personal risks!

They were charming days—those seven sunny days on the prairie. Dana owned seven hundred acres in one plot, bought at the government price (1 dollar and ½ per acre) some years before, and now worth so much more that he would have been a wealthy man if he had chosen to sell his land. He had no need of money except to send his children to school as they grew old enough. Boys and girls were to go to the college, within easy reach, established for the education of young people of both sexes and of all complexions—a kind of institution which Southern people regard as almost diabolical, from its receiving whites and blacks without distinction. They can, with difficulty, imagine the spectacle of children of all shades of complexion sitting together on the benches of the common schools in Massachusetts; but the idea of young men in one part of a college, and young women in another, studying for professions, on terms of perfect equality as to color, is either rejected as incredible, or dismissed as too shocking to be entertained. Negro physicians, clergymen, and educators have gone out of that college as well qualified as their white fellow-students; and Dana told me that, as the college was a good college, and in every way convenient for his children, he should send them there, notwithstanding the one inconvenience that the institution was subject to occasional disturbance from the South, and that its students lay under a certain amount of obloquy, or at least suspicion, afterwards, on the other side the great rivers. His sons would probably settle on the land he was holding for them; and his daughters would either marry within the State or remain with him and their mother; so that it would not matter to them what was thought of their mode of education five hundred miles away. They themselves knew that this education was the best that could be had for them; and they must take it with its one drawback. He did not consider the presence of well trained girls of color any hardship upon his daughters; and the boys had all due respect for the attainments and character of the negro students who had won honors. The difficulty was not about that, but about the outcry the Southern people were always making against this college. He had for some time been attending to tillage and the sale of the produce of a part of his farm, in order to provide for this method of education. He had little other use for money, and should leave his sons' portions to be broken up by themselves, when they chose to settle.

It was truly a primitive mode of life. The cultivated part of the land stretched back behind the dwelling, so as to leave the prairie unbroken in front: but the stock was allowed free range in the fine herbage. All the cattle and horses were homebred. All the food, except tea and coffee, salt and spices, was homegrown. The household had fish from the river, venison without limit from the prairie, and wild pigeons and partridges and waterfowl; wild and homebred turkeys; half-wild swine, affording delicious hams; inexhaustible beef, fowls, eggs, milk, bread and cakes of half-a-dozen different grains; sugar from the maple woods, and vegetables produced at home; the fuel was from the woods; the bearskins and other furs were obtained by the family rifles; and shoes and harness and easy chairs were made from leather dressed by family hands. The house was a log house, and not the less comfortable for that; but it was in detached portions, two or three rooms being built as they were wanted, without any meddling with the original dwelling of four rooms.

Such was the abode in which I spent one of the happiest weeks of my life. Dana was happy, I saw, with his clever and warm-hearted wife, and his children—so unlike children anywhere else! In regard to their pursuits and their mental independence, they might be called, by New England relations, rather wild. Their riding, hunting, and strong originality of character, at all ages, from two to fourteen, would make a Boston grandfather stare; but their manners were good, and their minds cultivated. A more thorough deference to parents than they manifested, I never saw; and their domestic behavior was altogether good. They spoke out all they thought, safe from restraint or disrespect from father or mother, and, in return, father or mother's will was law.

I became intimate with them, one after another, in the course of exploratory rides, mornings of shooting in the woods, and evenings of fishing in the creek and river. Sometimes the girls rode their favorite horses with us; or we drove them in the family wagon. Mrs. Dana was no slave, any more than the rest. She went out with us, in as frolicsome a mood as anybody, knowing that we had rather have her with us, and take potluck at home, than sit down to the choicest dinner or supper, at the cost of leaving her behind to see to it. Her eyes feasted on the red bird, or the blue bird, flitting over the corn field, or the woodpecker with his crimson cap, or the groups of deer, as if she had left her Yankee town only last week; and she looked on the Indians who crossed our path with almost as much interest as I did. It was a remarkable spectacle, the march in single file on the verge of the wood, the men stalking on first, and the squaws following, laden with baskets and bundles of children; or the men standing on logs out in the river, with their nets, while the squaws sat on the pebbly margin, cleaning the fish, and preparing to broil them at the fires they had lighted under the bank.

Perhaps, on the whole, the evenings were the best time of day. We were out of doors, as we had been all day, sitting on the steps of the piazza, or on the grass of the terrace; or under the great beech, or the locust trees. We fell into story telling, night after night; stories of critical sporting adventures, of lynchings of negroes or Abolitionists, or supposed gamblers, and swindlers, and horse thieves, in the wilder part of the northwest. There were stories of Indian surprises; and of the feuds and revenges which belong to a half civilized state of society. One chapter of romance was never opened at all; and, as I fancied, was carefully avoided. Before I left, I learned the reason why.

Up to the last evening of my visit, we had lingered over this kind of entertainment till it was starlight, and the night wind whispering in the prairie grass warned us in. It might have been supposed that we should be later than ever on my last evening; but Dana interrupted a story before the twilight was nearly gone, with

"Come, let us go in. We can hear the rest in the house."

Mrs. Dana instantly gathered up her knitting and rose, sending the children trooping before her into the house, and at once to bed, in their various parts of the composite dwelling. Though the story was left unfinished, there was no remonstrance on any hand. Off they went, as fate decreed, and I found myself alone with my host and hostess when the lamp was lighted. I observed that the shutters were fastened, a thing I had not seen before; and I supposed that this betokened leave to me to sit up awhile longer. I offered, however, to retire. Dana was to drive me towards Chicago the next day; and he might wish to rise very early, to dispatch business before we started.

"No, no, sit you down," said both. Dana observed that there was no saying when we might have an hour's talk again, and his wife declared that she did not intend us to go to bed hungry. Supper was coming by-and-by. So we sat down round the lamp. But Dana did not altogether give his mind to conversation at first. I thought him absent. In less than half an hour, I fancied I heard a gentle knock, given three times, at the shutter. Nobody took any notice for a moment, and Dana finished what he was saying. Then he rose, and left the room. Mrs. Dana conversed as usual during the ten minutes or more of his absence, and did not look in his face when he returned. The Irish servant brought in supper, and was sent to bed, and some time after, Mrs. Dana retired. As my friend and I remained for nearly another hour without his adverting to anything that had happened, I supposed that nothing had, in reality, happened. I could not quite believe that it was the red-capped woodpecker that had tapped at the shutter; indeed, I was certain that it was a human knock: but it might be accounted for in many ways; and I was probably making much of a trifle, or of nothing.

We were four or five miles on our road the next day in Dana's most showy vehicle, the carryall, which usually appeared when the family went to Chicago—when he drew rein, and pointed with his whip up a track which had just diverged from ours to the northward.

"Do you see those people?" he asked.

"I see a party of people a long way off; but I can't tell one from another, or how many there are."

"Try again," said Dana, producing a good pocket glass. "Now what do you see?"

"A woman and some children; stay, I think there are three."

"Never mind how many. Is one of them a boy?"

"Yes; there is a big boy."

"And another?"

"Yes; I fancy the little one is a boy."

"How old?"

"Why, I should think six or seven."

"Good! And how is the woman dressed?"

"She is almost out of sight now; but I see something yellow on her head. Yes, it is so."

"Who wear yellow handkerchiefs on their heads?"

"Negro women, to be sure."

"No doubt. Now, then, you have seen on that north road a negro woman with a little boy, somewhere about six. If you are asked, mind that; and never mind the other children."

"But I know nothing about them," I observed.

"Just so. So much the better. *I* know nothing about them either."

"That is odd," I said to myself, but aloud.

"You think so," said Dana, smiling. "Well: odd things do happen in our rough northwest." And he drove on briskly.

A few miles further on, we came in view of a long stretch of open country, here and there drooped over with woods, thickets, and graceful clumps of trees. Dana here paused again, took out his glass, and examined the track before us, which was visible for miles.

When we were proceeding again, he said, "Now, I am going to tell you something that for your own sake I had rather have kept to myself. But I see there is no help for it; and I will make you master of the situation before we come up with somebody who is travelling on before us yonder."

"Then there is a mystery!" said I.

"Ah! you got scent of it: but, like my wife and other prudent people, you ask no questions. It is really so. My wife knows little more than you do. It is the only safe way—so often as she is questioned."

Dana then told me that his house is a station of the Underground Railroad; or, as it is necessary to explain in Europe, a house of call for runaway negroes. There are such planted at intervals all the way to Canada, and fugitives are passed on from one to another till they are safe. As I was on my departure, my host told me how he managed. He had so built the outlying portion of his house which contained his book and business room as that a narrow space was contained between the inner end and the wall it joined, affording room for two or three persons to lie down or walk about. He alone entered this place, to ventilate and sweep it, and lay in clean straw for bedding, and biscuit and water for food when wanted. Sometimes he had, and sometimes he had not, notice of the approach of such a visitor. Every one made the signal—viz., three taps on the shutter at night. Last night, when we were sitting abroad, he saw somebody among the trees, where none of his own people were likely to be; and in fear of other eyes wandering in that direction, he had brought us all in. He had also sent all the young ears to bed and sleep.

On making the answering signal from the door, a negro woman and child—a boy of seven—appeared. They had passed the night where so many of their people had slept before them; had had biscuit and water at night, and corn bread and old bacon this morning, and were started in the direction of the Lake before anybody else was up. They were before us now; and Dana had a mind to give them a cast, so as to bring them to the Lake shore to-night, and afford them a better chance of escape. He had put in skins and coats enough to cover them up within, if I liked to sit in front with him. So it was settled.

By means of our glass, we saw the poor creature leave the path and enter a thicket as soon as our wheels could be heard. Nothing was visible when we stopped before the thicket, till Dana called, and told her who he was, and that he would set her on her way. She had been terribly frightened, but was now all alacrity; stepped in, covered up the little fellow, who entered into the spirit of the scene wonderfully, and neither spoke nor moved till we were within five miles of Chicago. Then she had to move pretty quickly.

I was constantly looking back, while Dana was on the watch forward. I fancied I saw dust far away in the rear of some distant trees. Within one minute, mother and child were hidden in the wood, a few yards from the track, and I was in lazy possession of the back seat of the carryall, Dana leaning on his elbow talking to me, while his horse jogged on in a very leisurely way.

"Here they come!" said Dana. "They are the kidnappers, I am certain. You may as well let your pistols be seen, or they will take you for a Yankee at once."

The fast trot and the dust soon came up behind us. Two men, heated and dusty, passed us, drawing rein as they did so, and looking into the carryall. Their impertinence was met by a stern stare from Dana, and a very full gaze from me. One asked a question or two about the road, and the other approached me, as if for a traveller's greeting; but he put his whip handle down among the coats, till I turned it out without ceremony, and asked what he wanted. He laughed, and said he was not after robbery, but the contrary; and then both inquired of Dana whether he had seen a negro woman, who might be a runaway, anywhere on the road.

[illegible] like himself?"

"Sure, no," exclaimed both in high contempt.

"Where? where?"

"I saw such a woman, with a little boy, taking the road to the north where it forks from this, half way between here and Mitchell's House. Did you not see them?" Dana asked of me.

I said I had seen them, but not near enough to observe what they were like.

The parsuers here fell out, and let us know a thing or two. One had wanted to follow that northern track; and the other, who would follow the Chicago road, now heard that he was an ass. One was certain they might have got the truth out of Dana's wife but for the other, who, on his part, was sure, from her manner, that she had never set eyes on the runaways. Her husband might be a d—d nigger thief—might be or not—could soon tell if he saw him; but that the lady knew nothing of these particular runaways he was confident. After a good deal of wrangling of this sort, and many oaths at the woman who had given them more trouble than she was worth—she and the boy together—there was one thing that they did agree on, that no time was to be lost in getting upon that Northern track. After starting back again, they turned in their saddles to thank us for our polite readiness to serve them, so unlike, they were pleased to say, the vile nigger-stealing ways of the free States generally. We jogged on till they had disappeared—turned, and quickly took up our joyful charge, who were now safe enough. We left them at a safe house in the outskirts of Chicago, whence they would be embarked, after dark, for Canada, in a trading sloop which had the freedom of the Lake.

I needed no persuading of the wisdom of Mrs. Dana in remaining ignorant of such visits, while her husband was at home; nor of his discretion in choosing to know as little as possible of the history of his guests till they were in safety. He promised me any news of this woman and child that might reach him. At present we knew only that her husband had preceded her. Being kindly warned to stay safe in Canada, when once there, instead of being tempted back by any inducement whatever, she said, "Bar, my husband is thar," as if that settled the matter.

Some weeks later, Dana wrote me the story. The husband had been sold away from Kentucky to the South, because he was above his condition. His wife resisted all attempts to make her take another husband, till, at length, her master, rather than lose more time, "gave her his own son." Some little bird told her that her husband had escaped to Canada, and she resolved to follow him with his elder child, the younger being unable to walk so much, and too heavy to carry. She hoped to buy him in time. The good Quaker woman at whose house she told her story, asked whether she would not also free her two mulatto children, her master's grandchildren. She was embarrassed and agitated, and for long made no reply; and when she did, it was to say that to be sure those two "bright" ones were her children; but she did not think she ever *could* tell her husband that she had had them. Dana observed that slaveholders are precisely the people who know least of negroes. They suppose them brutes; and such proofs of fidelity and chastity as this woman unconsciously affords, either never meet their ears, or cannot find entrance to their understandings. The husband and wife and boy were together when Dana wrote, and they were not long in earning the price of the younger child.

It does seem strange to me, in reviewing my experiences in various parts of my own country, that we can, as a nation, have gone on so long ignoring the grand topic which is all-important to all the citizens. For years, Europe has heard us talk about everything else, while the institution of slavery has engrossed our minds, shaped our politics, corrupted our religion and morals, destroyed our temper and manners, and extinguished our freedom. Our visitors from Europe have seen this; but we have pretended to be blind to it. I cannot charge myself with this self-deception. My travels show how impossible it would be to deny the all-pervading interest of the subject. As a brother, an uncle, and a citizen, I have learned what part slavery really plays in our polity and society. In any capacity, I must rejoice that the hypocrisy at least is over, and that we are at liberty to assume the truth of the case in our acts and calculations. Whatever pain and perplexity may be in prospect, there is an end of the boast that we have no pains and perplexities.

There is yet another phase of life in my country—that of the land of my own forefathers.

A SON OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God:
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far above reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! Oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, bless'd is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!

And bless'd is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field!
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

AN ENGLISH LAVENDER FIELD.

WE take from Mr. Pierce's latest volume the following fragment, descriptive of a sight that may be seen at midsummertide in the bonny Hertfordshire meadows:

"There is one sight in old England that I love beyond measure, and that is a lavender field; it pleases from its intrinsic beauty. The lovely color of its flowers all the silk dyers are trying to 'match,' but cannot exactly hit on the shade. Then its fragrance!—ha! how inimitable, as the sprays wave with the breeze! It pleases a patriotic Englishman, simply because it cannot be matched 'in all the world,' and he is proud of it accordingly. In this little island, no less than about 270 acres of its precious land is devoted to lavender farming. Each acre yields say 6,200 pounds of flowers. Every hundred pounds of flowers give up, by distillation, about one pound of the otto of lavender; and thus we learn that there is an average production of 7,000 pounds of lavender otto annually. It requires six ounces of this to make a gallon of lavender water, so that Britannia and her children—you know their names, Jamaica, Canada, Australia—together with a few visitors, America, Germany, and Russia, use and take home with them the enormous quantity of 17,000 gallons of this favorite spirit. The lavender farms in England are situated at Mitcham in Surrey, and at Hitchin in Hertfordshire. At Mr. Perks's farm, of the latter place, the lavender, when in bloom, is resorted to by all the bees for miles round. The sound of their hum in such vast numbers is quite enchanting; nor do the butterflies neglect to visit so luxurious a feast, the taste of which appears to be particularly grateful to them. The bees love for the lavender is so excessive, that at the harvest time, as the sprays fall before the sickle and are tied up into sheaves, they will follow it, even at a sacrifice of life, into the boiling still! Dear reader, should you feel inclined to leave the din and smoke of your native city for a week or two, as a luxury, though at a time when I did go August is young, and see Mr. Perks's farm; he will greet you heartily, and his guide who will give you a hearty welcome."

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